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Week of July 9, 1944



Zodiac
Girls
by
Willy Pogany
Cancer

CANCER, "the Crab," is the fourth sign of the zodiac. In this constellation, according to ancient belief, was the famous gate through which souls descended into the bodies of mortals. The tortoise and beetle, as well as the crab, were depicted as representing Cancer, probably because their slow movements exemplified the sun's apparent motion on entering this part of the heavens.
(See Next Page)

No More Highballs for the Whisky Drinking Chimp

By HAL WARD

WHEN the red God of War goes on a rampage he leaves thousands of little tragedies in his wake. These casual flicks of the iron fist are, as often as not, lost in the news of battles waged and of strategy on the grand scale. They are too trivial to make the front page or the broadcaster's script. But they are tragedies for all that.

Take the case of Sammy. For 10 years he lived the life of Riley in a quaint and lovely village on the south east coast of England. He knew everybody in the place. In a way he was the most popular chap in town.

Sammy didn't even know there was a war on. But he was as much a victim of the Nazis as his friends who died on the beaches of Sicily or in the jungles of Burma.

Sammy didn't know about the war because he was a chimpanzee. The pet—and the drinking companion—of one of the town's most prosperous citizens. Every evening for years he and his master tossed off a night-cap together. Sammy was no souse, but he did like a spot of whisky at bedtime.

When the bigwigs of the British Army made the village a battle training area, everybody was ordered to move out. Sammy's master arranged to live with a family that didn't like chimps. He thought he could find a good home for Sammy, where there would be kindness and a bit of a nip to wind up the day.

He wrote to friends. He put ads in the papers. He spent many a hard-earned shilling on long-distance phone calls. But he found no one interested in keeping a chimpanzee in the style to which Sammy had become accustomed.

So, a day or so before he had to

evacuate his home, Sammy's owner made another phone call. It brought a man in breeches, puttees and a visored cap. The letters R. S. P. C. A. were on his arm. His jacket bulged a little over one hip. The letters meant Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The bulge meant something else.

"I hope you're not a teetotaler," said the host.

"No, sir," said the man in the cap. "As a matter of fact, I could use a spot about now."

"Good. I'll fetch Sammy and tell the maid we're ready. Would you be good enough to step into the dining room?"

The man walked

slowly up a flight of carpeted stairs. In a moment he came down. The chimp had an affectionate grip on his master's hand. He waddled like a bow-legged sailor and his black button eyes blinked at the strange visitor.

The two men and the monkey sat down at a table. The maid brought a tray burdened with a bottle of rye, three glasses with ice in them and some fizz water. She set it on the table. Sammy clattered at her amiably. She gave him a long look over her shoulder and there were tears in her eyes. Then she hurried away.

The host mixed three drinks. A good stiff one for the chimp. "To you, Sammy," said the master of the house. "And the good days we've known together."

The chimp pushed out his leathery lips and drank. When his glass was empty his master nodded and the man in the cap stood up. He took

Sammy by one hairy hand and moved toward the open front door. The pair walked across the lawn and disappeared behind a clump of flowering bushes. A pistol barked once.

The fingers of the man at the table tightened on his glass. But he didn't look up. Not even when a uniformed figure walked past the window, put something gently in the back of his car and drove away.

The Chimp Seemed to Sense That He Was Having His Last Drink With His Master, But He Made No Attempt to Run Away From the Uniformed Visitor.



The World's Loneliest Man

PLUNKED down in the middle of the turbulent Irish Sea, there is a tiny, barren and windswept island known as the Calf of Man.

British-owned, it is one of the most desolate spots in all the world.

No one will live on it with the exception of Robert Barton Mitchell—known throughout England as the "World's Loneliest Man"—and even he has to be paid to stay there.

The forlorn isle is a national bird sanctuary. It is Mitchell's job as warden to see to it that the millions of feathered creatures that stop off there during their migrations are fed and protected from hunters. Except for rare trips to the Isle of Man for food and supplies, he goes for months without seeing a single human.

When Mitchell first got the job on the tiny island, he wrote to his wife, who was in South Wales, and sent her the fare to come and live with him. But she never showed up. She had heard about the place.

The story came out one day recently when the warden appeared in court on the Isle of Man. He wanted a divorce, he said, on the grounds of his wife's desertion. And the decree was granted. Then the world's loneliest man went back to his secluded home—lonelier than ever.

The Divorce Court Added to the Loneliness of the Man Who Lives by Himself in One of the Most Desolate Spots on Earth.

If You're Ruled by the Moon

By VINCENT LOPEZ
Famous Orchestra Leader

CANCER (The Crab) is your astrological sign if you were born from June 21 to July 22 of any year. The Moon is your ruling planet. Sympathy is a marked trait with you and selfishness is something to guard against. You have keen powers of intuition. Also you are inclined to be suspicious.

You have your own ideas and like to live up to them even to the point of being stubborn. You are blessed with a vivid imagination.

To be happy you have to live in a pleasant environment. You are, therefore, influenced by your surroundings and by personalities. The Moon, your ruler, renders you susceptible to the thoughts of others.

Your home life and domestic problems figure prominently in your plans. You like your family to depend on you.

You prefer to have people let you alone. You are prudent and make conscience your guide. You should guard against over-conservatism.

Keep in touch with the times and do not refuse to accept changes that make for progress. You will spare your friends much annoyance by cutting out a habit you have of worrying and attempting to play guide to others.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Jean Woodruff of Philadelphia, Pa.



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a Philadelphia skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some average. After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.



"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive lather . . . as you would a cream. Do this for a full 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!



"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was fresher, smoother, cleaner! Later I learned many skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS IN ONLY 14 DAYS!

- Brighter, cleaner skin • Finer texture • Better tone
- Fewer blemishes • Less dryness • Less oiliness
- Smoother skin • Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

"We don't let dirt spoil our fun... 'Cause now I've got Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS!"



"It's no fun for kids if they can't get dirty . . . Thank goodness dirt washes out so easy with MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS!" says Mrs. Mary Dorritte

"MARGARET, Johnnie, and Mary are outdoors just about all the time. I'm holding Kathleen, the baby. It used to be hard to keep from scolding when I saw my 'wild Indians' gettin' so dirty . . . but it's different now I've got MORE, LONGER-LASTIN' SUDS to wash with. New Super Suds makes such a heap of HARD-WORKIN' SUDS that it's loads easier gettin' out stubborn dirt. The time I save usin' Super Suds sure counts!"

"SPINDLY, WEAK-KNEED LITTLE SUDS THAT DIDN'T LAST AT ALL IS WHAT I GOT FROM MY OLD SOAP."

"GOOD-SIZED CHUNKS OF UNDISSOLVED STUFF SHOWED WHY I WASN'T GETTIN' MUCH SUDS. HARD TO RINSE OUT, TOO."



"JUST A WHOPPIN' LOT OF SUDS THAT LASTED AND LASTED! THAT'S WHAT I GOT FROM NEW SUPER SUDS!"

"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED STUFF HERE... ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS... A BIG SOAP SAVING!"



FLOODS O' SUDS FOR DISHES AND DUDS

Make the easy "milk-bottle suds test." Shake up a teaspoon of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water—even hard or cool water—in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another milk-bottle. See if you don't get MORE SUDS. LONGER-LASTING SUDS, from Super Suds.

★ DON'T WASTE SOAP! ★ Vital war materials are used in making soap

Spare Parts Bank *for* the Human Body?

Grafts of Skin, Bone, Nerve and Tissue Fore-shadow the Day When Doctors Will Replace Any Organ of the Body and Take a Major Step Toward the Dream of a Century-Old Life

By **ROBERT D. POTTER**
Science Editor

"NURSE, check our credit balance at the spare parts bank and then requisition three inches of femur, six sections of size 14 nerve and the suitable arteries to make the splice."

Ordering spare parts for the body, maybe, isn't quite that casual today, but if medical progress continues at present rates the day when doctors will draw on a spare parts bank for the body may not be far away.

Blood banks are here. Chicago has a nerve bank. New York an eye bank. Army doctors use vein banks in combat zones, and skin banks are on the way. The hope is that some day every large hospital in the country will have its own spare parts storage vaults.

Replacing the eye's outer transparent membrane, the cornea, is no longer the miracle operation it once was. In Manhattan, 20 hospitals now collect corneas and send them to the "central clearing house" at the New York Hospital.

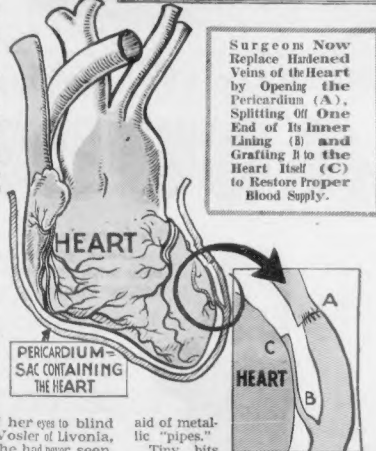
Spare parts for the eye come from patients who have eye operations for injury or disease in which the cornea itself is not harmed.

In days to come surgery should go far beyond transplanting mere corneas, and replace whole eyes. It has already been done with some of the lower animals.

If this feat could be accomplished, then medicine could take advantage of such altruistic offers as that of Mrs. Pauline Venard, University of California co-ed who offered one of her eyes to blind Sergeant Forrest Vosler of Livonia, New York, whom she had never seen.

Replacing whole organs of the body—a liver, an eye, a spleen or an ear—may be impossible at the moment, but miracles lie ahead. Modern military surgery in the stress of battle is learning many new skills.

Already battle surgery has produced the "vein bank" by which Army surgeons are mending the great arteries of the body with the



Surgeons Now Replace Hardened Veins of the Heart by Opening the Pericardium (A), Splitting Off One End of Its Inner Lining (B) and Grafting It to the Heart Itself (C) to Restore Proper Blood Supply.

Sealed, Refrigerated and Sterile "Banks" for Spare Body Parts May Some Day Have a Regular Place in Every Large Hospital Where Doctors Could Write "Checks" for the Things They Need After First Making "Deposits" and Getting Proper "Credit" Rating.

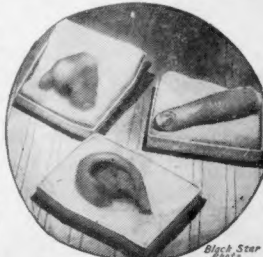
One great bottleneck to this Utopia of long life is to solve the blood supply of the transplanted organ. Truth now is that transplantation works best only on those tissues which require very little blood. The eye's cornea is such a tissue. That's why it is replaced with so much success.

Often surgeons develop the blood supply by a two-stage operation. First they attach the organ or tissue graft and let it establish its own blood supply without worrying whether it functions. Then they do the second operation; remove the unwanted part and put in the new replacement. Sometimes it is not even necessary to remove the old part.

Drs. C. S. Beck and Harold Feil, of Western Reserve University, report such a case on a patient with hardening (sclerosis) of the blood vessels on the heart itself. The surgeons opened the heart cavity, the pericardium, took a bit of the lining tissue and grafted it upon the heart. When the new tissue fused to the heart and the wound healed, the new blood supply overcame all of the previous danger.

At the University of

Chicago Professor Paul Weiss has been eminently successful with nerve grafts where his "spare parts" are drawn from a nerve bank.



Odd Parts of Sponge Rubber, Not Flesh and Blood, Now Used by Many Plastic Surgeons.

Animal experiments foreshadow what may some day be possible with human beings. Baby teeth have already been planted in a guinea pig's jaw, have taken root and grown.

In animals, too, whole kidneys and hearts have been transplanted.

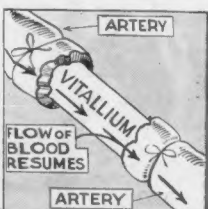
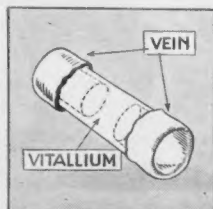
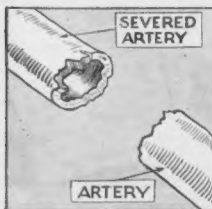
While they live the kidneys function perfectly, riding the blood of its waste products. But they live only a few days.

Transplants of the heart show the organ starts pumping as soon as the great veins and arteries are attached to it. For a week it will beat vigorously. Then it falters, finally fails.

Unless the transplanted organ comes from the same body tissue, antagonism may develop just as severe shock and even death come from transfusions in which the donor's and recipient's blood is not matched.

With auto-transplantations, as in skin grafts or bone grafts, such antagonism is avoided.

And most difficult of all—but the goal of all research—is heterio-transplantation, say from animals to man. So far no heterio-transplant has had permanent effect. Yet if tissue antagonisms are overcome, the day may come when every packing plant in the land will provide man with the spare parts his body may need.



Newest Technique for Repairing Severed Giant Arteries. Tiny Tubes of Vitalium Are Lined with Veins Which Turn Over at Ends to Form Cuffs. Placed Inside the Arteries and Tied with Silk Thread, the "Pipe" Soon Grows Into Place and Permits the Blood to Flow Through the Blood Vessel.



Mrs. Elinor Welton, Ex-Model, Who Claims Her Housework Was Love's Labor Lost.

Love vs. Labor In the Welton's Model Home



Elinor Says—
Frank
Rudely Tried
to Play Santa
Claus.

It Was So Spick and Span it Was Pictured in Advertisements, But Now the Court Must Decide Who Kept House—the Real Estate Broker or His Ex-Model Wife

By CHARLES ROBBINS

SO NEAT and attractive was the New York apartment of the socially prominent Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Welton that a vacuum cleaner company paid \$50 for the privilege of photographing it.

Later, the photographs, one of which is reproduced on this page, were used to embellish ads in a number of national magazines.

Since vacuum cleaner companies are the last people to bestow their favor or cash carelessly, there can be no doubt that the Weltons' was a model of what a well-kept-up apartment ought to be.

The only question is: how did it get that way?

The ads imply that a vacuum cleaner was responsible. But, wonderful as this age of science is, it still hasn't produced a gadget that runs around and cleans things up all by itself.

Somebody or other has to be at the handle of vacuum cleaners, brooms, carpet sweepers and the like. Otherwise, they have a habit of lying down on the job.

Right now there is a big legal controversy going on over who that somebody was in the Welton home.

Mr. Welton's view of the situation is that whatever housework was done, he did it—after office hours—and when he quit, nothing was done.

As for his wife, well, in his words, "It became clear shortly after our marriage that she regarded it as beneath her to do any cleaning of the house or to prepare meals."

By way of explaining how she did spend her time, he told the court that "her normal day begins by her rising about 10 in the morning." Breakfast, he confessed, she got for herself, after which she prepared "for luncheon engagements, which are the core of her existence."

"She would have her lunch

with wealthy friends at the best hotels or the most expensive restaurants, and nothing was permitted to interfere with it. She would return home late in the afternoon and have a cocktail, sometimes with friends.

"When I arrived home at 6:30 in the evening there would be no dinner unless we had a maid who prepared it. Since early 1942 I had dinner at home only when I prepared it myself. And I knew nothing about cooking."

After revolting against this state of affairs, he says he took to having dinner at restaurants.

Evidently he thought that, left to her own devices, Elinor, his pretty, blond wife, might go into the kitchen and fry an egg or something. But she seems to have evaded the trap.

For, as he sadly remarks, on these

occasions "Elinor, for her dinner, would order sandwiches from a delicatessen store, and this permitted her to affect an air of martyrdom"—which was strictly phony, he adds, since she couldn't have been very hungry after the lunches she'd been putting away.

If the battling couple had had a maid, Mrs. Welton would probably not be in court today, asking for a separation, \$250 weekly alimony, and \$2,500 counsel fees.

Why didn't they hire one? The much-publicized difficulty of finding stray domestic help now was no doubt the chief reason. But Mrs. Welton's filed papers suggest that there may have been still another one.

She pictures her husband as one of the most uninhibited spenders on the Great White Way. It was his habit to go night-clubbing about three times a week, she declares, and he always wanted to pay for everything and everybody.

When the check arrived he would never, never engage in those traditional fumbling matches with the other gentlemen in the party. He paid.

It doesn't take much of that sort of thing to put a man in arrears. So, they may not have been able to afford help, even though Mrs. Welton says her husband has a

handsome income of \$35,000 a year. She also has a good deal to say about the housecleaning and cooking, most of it strikingly at odds with his story.

While admitting that he did spend some of his time on the chores, she insists that the reason was that he liked to do it.

Polishing the floors and furniture, she declares, was his substitute for a gym work-out; and when it came to cooking, he loved that so much he accumulated a library on the subject.

Many a wife, with such a husband, would have been content just to relax and live the kind of life Mrs. Welton is charged with living—particularly if the husband was otherwise as morose as she says hers was.

Without any reason at all, she alleges, he would stop speaking to her and start communicating by note.

She also introduced the testimony of three of her Park Avenue friends, who swear they saw her cleaning rugs, darned her husband's socks and roasting a leg of lamb.

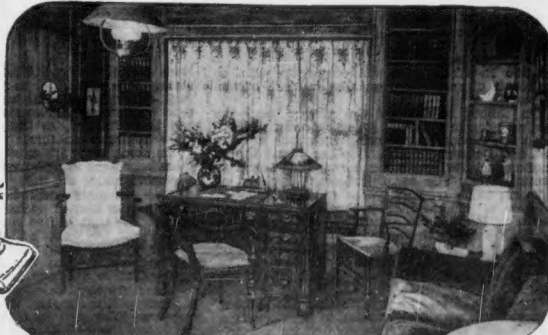
So contradictory are the charges and counter-charges in this case that the court may feel they cancel each other out entirely.

If so, it's anybody's guess who made their home worthy of being glorified in the ads.

Maybe it was the pixies.



Frank Says—Elinor Was a Slacker in Relaxation While He Did the Chores. And Right—a Model Room in the Welton Apartment Glorified in the Ads. There Is Still Some Question As to How It Got That Way.



THE SUN GETS READY FOR A RAMPAGE

Our Central Celestial Heating Plant Shows the Signs of Another Spree Like That of 23 Years Ago—With Heat Rationing and Whacky Weather in 1945

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL
Noted Science Analyst

IN a few months a lot of screwball weather's coming up. So announces the astronomer as he finishes peering through the telescope at the dark spots on the sun, and some silvery clouds of calcium vapor that drift and swirl across Old Sol's made-up surface.

In fact, if 1944's performance so far can be taken as an indication of what to expect, we're likely to have almost any kind of weather the rest of the year.

Already, extremes of heat and cold have vied for top place in the news on the same day. While New York and the Eastern Seaboard were sweltering on May 5 with the thermometer registering 83 degrees plus, up popped a snowstorm with temperatures as low as 18 degrees in Nebraska and the Dakotas.

Five-inch hailstones, big enough to fell a tree, shocked residents of Tennessee when they dropped like enemy bombs early this spring.

The Mississippi and its tributaries have also flooded disastrously.

Easter Sunday was ushered in, in New York, by April showers of the kind you shovel. On April 5 there was a real blizzard with snow falling four inches deep in the city and covering suburban areas with a 13-inch blanket.

Fayetteville, Ark., had been boasting that it hadn't had freezing weather in May for 34 years, but this year that record was broken by a freeze the first week.

These are only a few of the crazy-weather phenomena everyone has observed at close range this year, and which make predictions of other freak storms and temperatures in order.

It may seem more fantastic to try to tell what the weather will be like three-quarters of a century from now. But that's what Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, famous astronomer and physicist, and secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, has come up with, as the result of researches on how the sun affects the earth.

Dr. Abbot works on the theory that the weather goes in cycles of long and short periods, which are caused by recurring variations in solar heat and light radiations. He has found nearly a dozen such swings, some only a few weeks or months long. The most important cycle is of 23 years; to be exact, 22 years and eight months.

Some of his weather predictions have been startling. He had told the U. S. Weather Bureau that on 175 definitely named days, in 1943, it was going to rain in Washington, and the amount of rainfall would be 166 per cent of the normal. The actual amount of rainfall was 158 per cent of the normal.

Once he had told an army officer that during a three-month period the rainfall in the Tennessee Valley would be 84 to 87 per cent of the normal.

It was 87 per cent.

Using a new method of "reading the heat-meter on the sun," he foretold temperature changes in Washington for 201 consecutive days and 60 per cent of his forecasts proved to be correct.

Dr. Abbot watches the calcium clouds that hang around the sun. Calcium, abundant in the sun, boils and vaporizes at 2,000 degrees, and the solar surface being at 11,000 degrees, vaporous rings of this substance always are present. The density and distribution of the sun's calcium clouds vary with solar heat.

For more than a quarter-century, the Smithsonian Institution has been making precise daily measurements of the heat and light which come from the sun at Table Mountain, Calif., Burro Mountain, N. M., and Mt. Montezuma, Chile.

The average solar energy received every day, all over the earth, is equivalent of 450-million-million (450,000,000,000,000) horsepower electrical or mechanical power. If the United States' share of sunshine could be bottled up and used, it would be worth more than 350 quadrillion dollars.

Here are some predictions you can check yourself if you want to see how well the Abbot system works.

In the fall of this year the sun's heat, he finds, will be about 1.5 per cent less than normal. That will cause erratic weather changes and abnormal hot and cold spells.

It's only recently that scientists have learned how the heat and light of the sun are generated. In the central core of that star, millions of miles away from us, atoms burn in temperatures of 35 to 40 million degrees Fahrenheit.

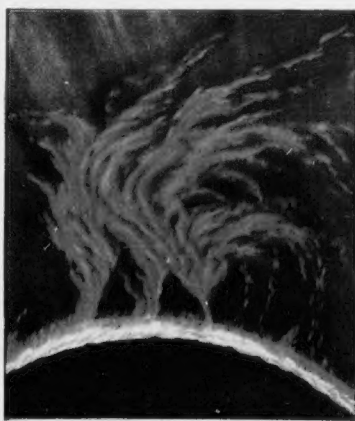
In this burning of atoms, the sun loses entirely some 42,000,000 tons of its substance each second, or more than 150 billion tons every hour. The result is that from time to time the innermost structure of the sun is reshuffled, so that the whole starry globe remains together.

In some way, it's now believed, the sunspots represent violent happenings frequently occurring inside the sun.

The sunspots increase and decrease in number and size in cycles approximating 11 years. The time of two such cycles, 23 years, agrees with Dr. Abbot's 23-year weather cycle.

For weather conditions on the earth both the amount of heat and the kind of light received from the sun are important.

The sun's light rays, when passed through a glass prism, appear to be a mixture of many wave-lengths or frequencies. Each of the colors, revealed by the prism, signifies



Solar Prominences—Great Tongues of Flaming Hydrogen Gas Help Create the Earth's Freak Weather.

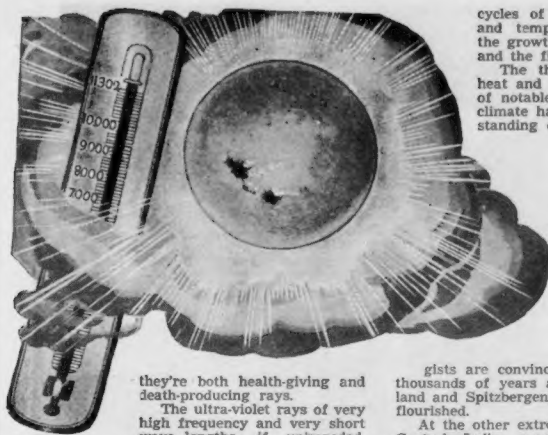
Astronomers, Measuring Solar Heat, Predict That This Year May See Such Screwball Phenomena as Snowfalls in the Tropics and Bathing Parties in the Arctic.

a particular light frequency. There are also invisible rays.

What're known as the ultra-violet rays cannot be seen, so small are their wave-lengths. But,



Tree Rings Are World Weather Calendars. Sun-Spot Markings on This Spruce Verify the Theory of 23-Year Weather Cycles.



they're both health-giving and death-producing rays.

The ultra-violet rays of very high frequency and very short wave-lengths, if unimpeded, would be fatal for all life. These "death rays" coming from the sun are then trapped by air upper layers.

They break up and electrify the molecules and atoms of oxygen and nitrogen and other gases which compose the atmosphere. They heat up the highest layers of the air, so that the super-stratosphere, about 100 to 300 miles above the ground, has temperatures ranging as high as nearly 1,800 degrees Fahrenheit.

The greatest trappers or absorbers of these ultra-violet rays are the particles of oxygen gas, and especially of ozone.

Recent investigations have shown that the amount of ozone varies according to temperature, pressure and other weather factors. So, by measuring how much ozone there is anywhere, at a particular time, forecasts might be made.

Prof. Athelstan F. Spilhaus, of New York

University, has invented a device for measuring ozone of the atmosphere. In Britain, Prof. G. D. Dobson also has developed such instruments.

All these methods depend upon comparing the strengths of two kinds of ultra-violet light frequencies which come from the ground.

Unexpected support of the weather cycles, associated with variations in solar heat, has been found in trees, river beds and rocks. Hundreds and thousands of years ago, the swings of the weather left some very definite fingerprints on nature.

Prof. Andrew Ellicott Douglass, of the University of Arizona, discovered that the rings in the cross-sections of trees changed in thickness, according to spurts of growth of the trees. These spurts repeated each eleven-year.

Likewise, Dr. Baron de Geer, Swedish geologist, found that the clay layers in ancient river beds had eleven-year variations in thickness.

All this means that the eleven-year sunspot

cycles of the past influenced rainfall and temperatures, and so controlled the growth of trees, melting of the ice and the flowing of rivers.

The theory that changes in solar heat and light are the primary causes of notable oscillations of weather and climate has been applied to the understanding of the Ice Ages.

A million years ago, or more, ice sheets formed over the northern parts of the United States. Thousands of years later, the ice cleared up, then returned.

The last of these ice ages passed some 25,000 years ago. Every time the ice sheet crawled from the poles towards the equator, tremendous difficulties arose for all kinds of animal and plant life.

Geologists

are convinced that many thousands of years ago, in Greenland and Spitzbergen, great forests flourished.

At the other extreme, long ago, Central India, now exceedingly warm, was under ice.

Sir George Simpson, noted British meteorologist, has shown that such changes in climate can be explained by variations in solar heat.

Up to a certain limit, an increase of sunshine cools the earth. It's only when the heat of the sun exceeds certain limits that our whole planet is warmed up. Decreased solar radiation sometimes raises the average temperature.

What happens is that solar heat evaporates ocean water and clouds are formed. As much as half of the incoming heat of the sun can be turned back into space by clouds. Thus, through increased cloudiness additional solar energy is wasted, and the weather might be cooler rather than warmer.

Sir George can show, by a simple experiment, how the ice ages of the past arrived and departed.

All you need for this test are four similar glass jars, with metal lids that can be closed. Each jar represents the earth; the bottom represents the equator and the top the North Pole.

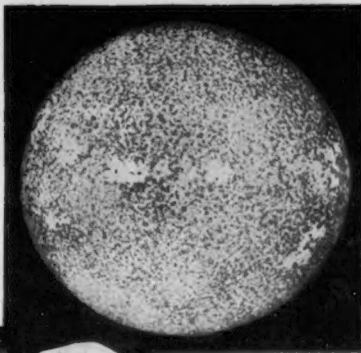
Inside the jar there's water, representing oceans. At the top, on the outside, a lump of dry ice is placed. The inside of the lid is chilled. Water evaporated from the bottom is frozen at the top. There's always some ice formed at the room temperature.

You can leave one jar undisturbed, to represent the world's present climate. But, let the second jar be cooled at the bottom. This would

diminish the evaporation of water, and so the formation of ice at the top of the jar.

The third jar is to be heated at the bottom. Steam will rise, and reaching the top, it'll turn into heavy deposits of ice. Here you make your own "ice age."

The fourth jar should be heated still further. All ice would melt away. With excessive heat, the "ice age" passes away.



Sun-Spots Ringed With Calcium Clouds That Will Help Make This Year's Crazy Weather.

Sir George thinks now we're passing through a dry, cool period.

Several thousand years from now, if the ice age returns, science may protect human beings.

The theory that weather and climate are essentially controlled by solar radiations needs no proof.

But, authorities are by no means agreed that the sun changes considerably from

time to time; that these changes can be foretold.

The every-day weather forecaster doesn't bother much with variations in solar energy. He attempts to predict weather changes on the assumption that what really matters is the way in which any given amount of solar heat is treated by the atmosphere, the land and the sea, and the other characteristics of the earth itself.

The heat of the sun falls unequally at different parts of the earth. The warmer air rises and flows towards the colder polar regions. The colder air from the poles drifts towards the equator. Thus, masses of warm and cold air, containing moisture, cross each other's paths. When they meet, the cold mass lowers the temperature of the warm vapor, and rain and snow follow.

Dr. Carl G. Rossby, of the U. S. Weather Bureau, is noted for working out a method of forecasting weather four or five days in advance, through calculations of warm and cold air masses.

The scientists are studying weather from two sides; one is the way that the atmosphere, the sea and the land react to solar rays; and the other is the way in which the sun itself expels its energy.

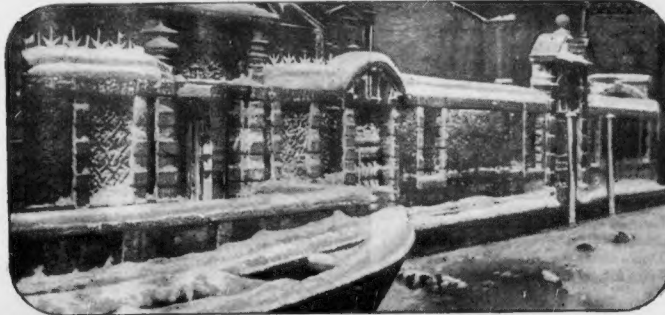
When the diverse methods are pooled and reconciled, a new prediction age will come.



No Ice Cream in This Cone—It's a Huge Hailstone Which Fell in Memphis on March 26.



When Warm Air Rises From the Equator, It Meets Cold Currents From the Poles and Causes Rain or Snowstorms, Whose Violence Depends Upon Variations in the Amount of Heat We Get From the Sun.



The Rampaging Sun Caused the Famed Canals of Semi-Tropical Venice to Freeze Over During the Last Freak Weather Cycle.



The Temperamental Sun Brought This Blizzard to New York City Last April.



"My clothes stay gay as my pupils' painted posies—I've caught onto

1. **"WE TALK A BLUE STREAK** when George is on furlough," confides Air Corps bride, Mrs. George Elwell of Brooklyn, N. Y. "Guess I do most of the chattering—about that part-time teaching job at the art school and my volunteer work with the Red Cross. These two jobs, plus housekeeping, certainly limit my clothes-shopping time. What's more, nice new clothes these days are too expensive for my slim budget. So I'm pleased as Punch to know about twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care."

TWICE the Wear with **Ivory Flakes care!**



2. **"DON'T TREAT THINGS ROUGHLY** with the wrong kind of soap," warns Mrs. Elwell. "Change to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes." Wash tests galore prove washables like dresses, undies, housecoats, sweaters, give as much as twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care. The flake form of baby's mild Ivory is so gentle with other sudsables, too—precious stockings, girdles, blouses, bedspreads.

3. **"MAKE IVORY FLAKES LAST LONGER, TOO!"** That's Mrs. Elwell's timely advice. "Soaps use vital war materials, you know. Don't waste even a flake! Watch how even a little fluffs up into rich, velvety suds that are so safe for colors."



Wash tests prove the Ivory Flakes way helps keep "pretties" bright and gay!

**It Rained Whisky,
Ghosts and Dirty
Digs in the Brother-
Sister Tug-of-War
Over the Rocke-
feller - McCormick
Heirs — And No-
body Won**

Poor Little Rich Orphans in a Big Legal Storm

In This Corner—Fowler McCormick, Muriel's Brother, Who Didn't Get Them Either.

Muriel McCormick Hubbard, Who Had the Children But Didn't Keep Them.



By JOHN RANDALL
A NEW, gilded real-life version of that ripe, old melodrama, "Orphans of the Storm," has been written into court records of the State of Connecticut.

The orphans around whom the drama revolved are the legal great-grandchildren of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.—by adoption. Adopted when but tots from the New Haven Orphanage in 1939 by his granddaughter, Muriel McCormick Hubbard, they are known as Edith Hubbard, now ten years old, and Elisha Dyer Hubbard, now six years old.

The storm was a violent domestic one in which whisky bottles, yogi ghosts, kickings, slaps and beatings were alleged to have been parts in the life of the orphans.

Muriel's brother, Fowler (Harold F. Jr.) McCormick, of Chicago, president of International Harvester Company, was the would-be hero. And the harvest, in the revised thriller, if he had his way, the two children would be snatched from the allegedly cruel hands of his sister Muriel, whom he had attacked with formal charges which depicted her in a baleful, lurid light.

Muriel, widow of Major Elisha Dyer Hubbard who died in 1936, is a corporal in the Wacs. She entered a blanket denial of the charges through her attorney, David Reilly, of New Haven.

The tempestuous accusations, made public by Probate Judge Leonard O. Ryan, of Middletown, charged "extremely cruel treatment" of the children, and became the grounds for a plea for the children's removal to Fowler McCormick's own hands or to "some other proper person."

Day for this battle, so far as Fowler knew, was set for a Monday. But Saturday, two days earlier, Muriel pulled a speedy triple surprise attack. No. 1, she permitted the children to be legally adopted by some one not of Fowler's choosing, but her own—a well-known woman educator, Dr. Frances Clarke, former Columbia professor, now

A Long Line of Rockefeller-McCormick Family Battles Reached a New High in the Free-for-All Over the Hubbard Children.

principal of a New London high school. No. 2, she had her choice legally confirmed not only by Judge Ryan but by the Connecticut State Welfare Board, which formally passed on the new parent's fitness. No. 3, she explained she had done this not through pressure or charges brought by Fowler, but for patristic reasons: She said:

"The regulations of the Women's Army Corps prohibit my acting as guardian...since I desire to continue in the military service for the duration."

On Sunday morning, Fowler's surprised attorneys said:

"Our aims seem to have been achieved... apparently... if the adoption has been by a very high-minded, independent person."

And on Monday, when the court battle was scheduled to open, the only gun they were able to fire was a hastily drawn petition, craving to inspect the adoption papers and presumably decide for themselves how "very high minded" Mrs. Clarke is.

Judge Ryan promptly refused. His decision read, "without prejudice." But court attendants, with other observers, regarded it as tantamount to saying that if the probate judge,



Fowler McCormick's Huge Farm Estate at Barrington, Ill., Where He Hoped to Shelter the Unhappy Orphans.

plus the sovereign State of Connecticut had decided Mrs. Clarke was high minded enough, it didn't make a hoot what Fowler thought.

The original attack by Fowler read:

"She (Muriel McCormick Hubbard) is addicted to the excessive use of alcohol, has repeatedly beaten and abused said minors to such an extent as to imperil their safety, and so conducts herself in the presence of said minors as to endanger their morals, health and happiness. Said minors are in constant fear of their said adopting parent, and dread all contact with her."

The petition charged equally violent treatment by Mrs. Hubbard of the housekeeper and then governess of

the children, Mrs. Elvira Parsons.

Whether Fifi, Fowler McCormick's wife, had anything to do with this case is anybody's guess. Fifi, who as Anne Urquhart Potter married the late James A. Stillman and divorced him after that famous Canadian paternity incident, married McCormick, 20 years her junior, in 1931.

The possibility that weird astral ghosts and spirits from the vasty deep, as well as spirits of John Barleycorn, rode on the lightning which is said to have struck Lone Tree Farm and made life hectic for the orphans, lies in the fact that Muriel McCormick Hubbard is a distinguished devotee of the esoteric. She is perhaps best known to the public as the lady who had a romance with a ghost in 1923—the ghost of a war hero whom she'd never met, Lt. George Alexander McKinnoch, who was killed in France.

As a gilded society belle back in those days, Muriel McCormick, daughter of Edith Rockefeller and Harold F. McCormick, I, was publicized as a possible star for Hollywood, and after that mentioned widely as an opera diva.

Nothing ever came of those ambitions, but her romance with the ghost of a war hero was internationally famous. There had been nothing like that since Marie Corelli, who was the Ellen Glyn of her day, and whose astral romances, instead of lasting for "Three Weeks" on George's rugs as la Glyn's did, went on for all eternity.

Attorney Hugh Alcorn, of Hartford, Conn., with a battery of big-league Chicago lawyers, represented angry brother Fowler in the recent court fight. Attorney David Reilly, of New Haven, with equally powerful artillery from the New York bar, represented equally angry sister Muriel.

This stormy drama of the poor little rich orphans apparently is ended. Whether there may be a sequel, nobody really seems to know.

End of Playboy Trott's Fatal Story

By WARREN HALL

SOMETIMES fate sets a pattern for tragedy. For some peculiar reason that no one even seems to understand, the past catches up with us, leaves us in a hauntingly familiar set of circumstances, and races on to mold other lives. That's how it happened to Bill Jim Trott, Jr.

It seemed to be almost a habit for William James Howard Trott, Jr., one of New York City's busiest playboys, to find his sweethearts dead in hotel rooms. He found one, battered and bruised, in a hotel in Reno. Then, before anyone could forget about that incident, he notified the New York police that he had discovered another of his lady friends lifeless in a room of the hotel apartment house in which they both lived in Manhattan.

Since tragedies always seem to come in threes, it was not surprising to Trott's friends to learn that he had died mysteriously the other day. The end came in a New York hospital 24 hours after he had been admitted there with a ruptured intestine and acute peritonitis, "probably the result of an accidental fall."

When the police began an investigation of his death, they were just as baffled as they had been on the two occasions when Trott made his tragic discoveries.

Bill Jim, Jr., was a 32-year-old Bermuda remittance man. His father, Sir Howard Trott, is a hotel owner, aviation enthusiast, member of the Bermuda Parliament, and counselor to the Governor General. Junior received a medical discharge from the Canadian Grenadier Guards and returned to Bermuda, but in 1941 he left his wife and two children at home there and came to the United States.

He was a good-looking, well-educated, smooth-spoken aristocrat, with only two weaknesses—whisky and women. In the fall of 1941 he entered a Connecticut sanitarium for alcoholics. There he met Mrs. Bridget McBurney Sargent.

She was a blonde with smiling Irish eyes and a disposition that was a perfect match for Bill Jim, Jr.'s. Furthermore, she had money, something Trott often was without. She was the wife of Charles S. Sargent, Jr., who was as deeply entrenched in the Social Register as she was.

Bridget was supposed to return to her husband and two children when she got out of the sanitarium. Instead, she flew to Reno with Bill Jim, Jr. They had decided to chuck their respective mates and get married.

The course of their love was no smoother than usual. There were so many words, followed by blows, that two dude ranches and two hostesses asked them to leave.

On Labor Day morning, Trott left his key at a Reno hotel and went out. He returned an hour later, at 10:30 a. m., reclaimed the key and went to his room. A few minutes later the clerk answered the phone.

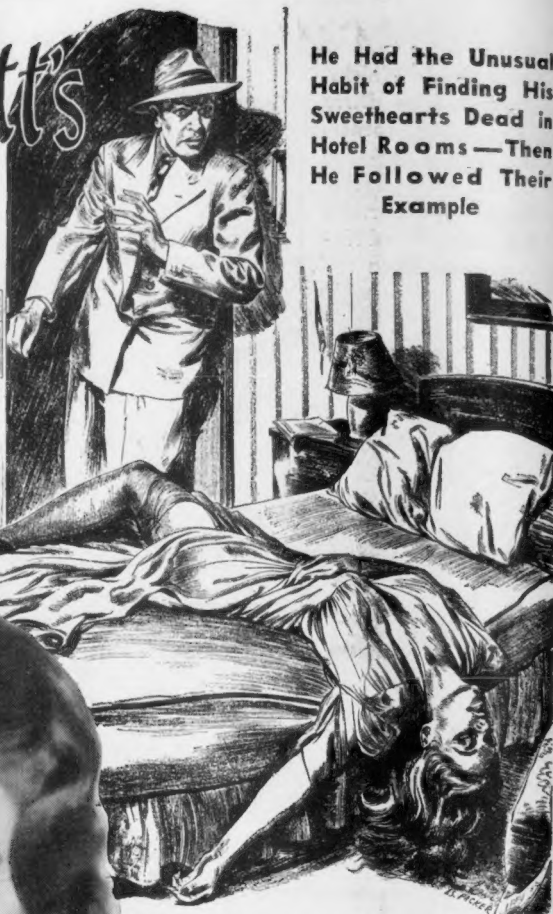
"Come up here, quick," Trott was saying. "A woman has killed herself."



Mrs. Bridget McBurney Sargent, (Above), Whose Romance With Remittance Man Bill Jim Trott, Jr., (Left), Began in a Home for Alcoholics and Ended in a Blood-stained Hotel Bedroom.

In the room the clerk found Mrs. Sargent stretched across the bed. Her throat had been cut, her wrists slashed, and blood was on the walls, the washbowl, the floor and the bedclothes. Later, a medical examiner said her body was a welter of bruises and both eyes were blackened.

At a coroner's inquest, Trott admitted he had beaten Mrs. Sargent the night before "because she was



Trott Was Horrified by the Scene in the Room. There Lay Mrs. Sargent, Stretched Across the Bed, With Her Throat Cut.

drinking too much." He insisted she was all right when he left the room that morning.

The jury returned a verdict of "death caused by party or parties unknown." The district attorney, however, called the case a suicide and Trott immediately returned east.

It was only three months later—soon after he arrived in New York, that Trott made the acquaintance of Mrs. Jeanne Stanley Oakes, a charming 29-year-old divorcee with a penchant for drinking and plenty of money. Soon, they also spoke of marriage.

On the night of Dec. 11 a doctor was called to the apartment of Mrs. Oakes, who had been drinking heavily. He gave her a quarter of a grain of morphine to put her to sleep.

At 11:10 the next morning, Trott called the police. He said he had "just dropped in" and found Mrs. Oakes dead. A preliminary examination showed bruises on her face and there was blood in the bathroom.

Trott, who admitted he had spent the night in the apartment, was taken into custody pending investigation.

The medical examiner, who was later corroborated by an autopsy, said Mrs. Oakes died of a fatty liver and alcoholism. The supposed bruises were discolorations due to her malady, he said. Trott was freed.

After that the amatory and financial fortunes of Bill Jim, Jr., went into a sort of a nose dive. He was broke when, on the evening of last April 13, he was seized with a sudden severe pain in his stomach while he was re-

He Had the Unusual Habit of Finding His Sweethearts Dead in Hotel Rooms—Then He Followed Their Example

turning to his New York hotel room. His trouble was diagnosed that night as stomach ulcers. Two mornings later he was found dead.

Dr. Benjamin M. Vance, deputy chief medical examiner, said an examination showed two punctures of the abdominal wall "that might have been caused by a heavy fall or blow while the stomach was full of liquid."

But police said the only admission Trott had made was that he had lifted a heavy filing cabinet a few days before. That didn't seem very significant. The record concluded: "Cause of death not positively determined."



The Fates, Mythical Makers of Human Destiny, Set a Pattern for Bill Jim Trott, Jr., When His Two Sweethearts Met Tragic, Mysterious Deaths.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



MONTANA... In 1865, mining had become one of the chief industries in Montana. In that same year, a committee on territorial affairs selected "Gold and Silver" as the Montana motto.

Through hazardous, turbulent years, Montana's settlers proved the worth of individual enterprise and initiative. They worked tirelessly to

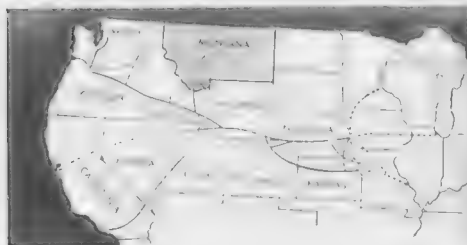
develop the territory's resources and their efforts were richly rewarded.

Today, Montana supplies many essential products; gold and silver, copper and manganese ore, lumber, wool, and farm produce. Thousands of carloads are shipped to nation-wide markets over the Union Pacific "strategic middle route" uniting Montana with the East and the Pacific Coast.

Since 1880, when Union Pacific entered Montana, the state and the railroad have worked and progressed together. Now they are working and fighting for victory...to keep alight the flame of freedom...to maintain the fundamental American doctrine of equal opportunity for all; the doctrine that built America—*your* America.

★ Montana is one of the 11 western states served by the Union Pacific Railroad. Subsequent advertisements of this series will feature other states.

Listen to "YOUR AMERICA" coast-to-coast radio program every Saturday afternoon. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.



THE PROGRESSIVE
**UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD**

THE Strategic MIDDLE ROUTE

Careless Habits Hurting Your Career?

Littering the Beach With Bottles, Crusts and Paper Bags May Limit Your Social Horizon.

By JUDITH CHASE
Well-Known Quiz Expert

DOES the world follow you with mop, a dust-pan and a garbage can? Do you make servants out of your family and friends?

Careless habits can ruin your career. Even if you are enough of a dictator to make others do the dirty work, don't forget where dictators end.

Good-naturedly, this quiz will show you where you stand, fall or lie down on being neat. Answer each question with "yes" or "no." Then add up the "yesses" and check the result in the box score on this page.

1—Here are some major beach offensives. Do you:

Wreck the view with discarded pop bottles, sandy sandwich crusts and old paper bags?

Make foxholes, pillboxes, beach defenses and human tank traps in the sand?

2—Do you leave the telephone cord wound up in a coil?

3—When you invite friends over for a pick-up supper, does it mean that they do all the picking up?

4—Do you bog down your friends with elaborate going-away presents that they'll heave out the window when the train starts?

5—Because hotels advertise a "home atmosphere" do you flick ashes into potted palms, park muddy feet on gilt divans and leave your wet umbrella to drip?

6—Do you tear letters into minute pieces and scatter them?

7—Do you dress up for the evening so decorated with junk jewelry, fake flowers and glittery gadgets that you look like a display?

8—At the first signs of spring, do you go native in loud sarongs on the lawn?

9—Do you feel that shutting the door on a messy room is just as good as cleaning it—only quicker?

10—Do you shake your powder puff into the air with such gusto that whoever is near you emerges looking like a ghost?

11—Do you pitch papers and trash out of car windows?

Shaking Your Powder Puff May Make Him Allergic to You.



12—Chewing gum doesn't have to be a messy habit, but it will be if you are guilty of these. Do you:

Leave your gum under the table, so that everyone wonders where the new knot came from?

Toss it carelessly on the sidewalk to glue down passersby?

13—Do you have a hit-or-miss system—one per cent hit and 99 per cent miss—of throwing waste paper into the basket?

14—Is your top bureau drawer a crowded confusion of sprawling socks, tangled ties and collars?

15—Do you leave shades up at night so that passersby have the inside track on family life?

16—When you go delving for a lost key, do you dump out the contents of your purse like a junk pile on the nearest thing handy?

17—In the bus, do you fling open your newspaper with such gusto that you blanket heads and torsos of those next to you?

18—Are letters you write scrawled so carelessly that it takes readers hours to decipher them?

19—Do you scrawl telephone numbers on the nearest thing handy?

20—Do you go around the house looking like a scarecrow in rummage sale clothes?

21—Does your medicine cabinet contain rows of almost empty jars and squeezed up tubes?

22—Do you hang clothes so carelessly in your closet that when you take them out there's a barrage of coat hangers?

23—Do you practice "out of sight, out of mind" in your housekeeping, sweeping dust under carpets and furniture?

24—Do you disregard the doorknob when you're opening a door, leaving smudgy fingerprints?

25—When you play cards, do you snap down your cards when you play them and all but tear them?

26—Do you munch peanuts and candy at the movies?

27—Do you dog-eat books, mark their pages and open them with such a vigorous snap that you break their backs?

28—Do you sit in the waiting rooms of crowded bus terminals with your large feet high back to you and plate at anyone who asks for a seat?

29—Do you glare at those who are supposed to be in the windows?

30—Does your bridge table look like a picnic spread—complete with soft drinks, candy, food crumbs and, incidentally, the cards?

31—Is your desk so littered with memos and papers that it takes you until noon to get it cleared?

32—Do you leave light cord extensions stretching across the floor like booby traps?

33—Do you leave your baggage in the aisle in trains, buses and hotel lobbies where passersby are forced into an obstacle race?

34—Do you touch everything that's shown you—smudging gravel cards and juggling jars?



Do You Toss Chewing Gum on the Sidewalk to Glue Down the Next Passerby?

HERE'S HOW YOU RATE
If Your Score Is Between:
36 and 28—You're almost beyond hope.
28 and 20—Passing; not much above average.
20 and 10—In the commendable minority.
10 and 0—So perfect we suspect your score.



CULVER SERVICE ©

King Francis I Enjoyed All the Privileges of an Absolute Monarch, But the French Throne Today Would Be a Great Handicap to the Noble Who Might Accept It.



THE
The Count of Paris, Aviator, Scholar, and Leading Entry in the Royal French Sweepstakes.

Bitter Feud for a Throne that Doesn't Exist

By SYLVIA LYON

ALTHOUGH the French political situation is for the most part tragically muddled, some comic relief is being supplied by the three parties which want to see a postwar restoration of the throne.

These parties, the Royalists, the Legitimists and the Bonapartists, seeing what they think is a chance to make political capital of the present world chaos, are feuding bitterly among themselves.

The fact that most of their fellow countrymen oppose their objectives doesn't deter them. They have dug out and dusted off three gentlemen qualified by birth for the job of King or Emperor of France.

The Royalists are aligned under the banner of Henri d'Orléans de Bourbon, Count of Paris; the Legitimists swear by Prince Xavier de Bourbon-Parma; the Bonapartists, by Prince Louis Napoleon.

The Count and the two Princes are all on most amicable terms, as well as not particularly interested in ruling the country.

They actually want to be left alone, but their ardent followers won't leave them alone.

So here you have three good friends, dogged around by groups of fanatics, who insist on seating one of them on a throne which doesn't exist and which leaves them all cold, anyhow.

With a representative in the French National Committee of Liberation and a seat in De Gaulle's Consultative Assembly, the Royalists have an edge on their opponents.

Their candidate, the Count of Paris, the 36-year-old son of the Duc de Guise, is widely known for his liberal ideas and is supported by the Underground Journal, the *Courier Blanc*.

Some monarchists have no use for him because one of his Orléans ancestors helped to send Louis XVI to the guillotine and another usurped the throne of the little Count de Chambord, grandson of Charles X.

Others allege that he is not an Orléans at all, but actually the son of the late Marquis de Pierre de Bernis.

The charge recalls the tragic circumstances of the Marquis' death in 1925. He was attending a christening party on the Guise estate at Larache, Spanish Morocco. The party was in honor of the first child of his nephew, who had married the Count of Paris' sister, Isabelle.

Strolling in the scented gardens, the Marquis overheard a Spanish officer, refer to the 15-year-old Count as "Le petit Bernis de Guise" (the little Bernis in disguise).

The Marquis tapped the officer on



Isabella d'Orléans-Braganza, Countess of Paris, Who May Be Queen of France.

the arm. "Senor," he asked politely, "would you like to see my nephew's armory?"

The Spaniard understood. Accompanied by four witnesses, the two went to a building which was well stocked with pistols and foils.

There the French peer and the Spanish officer fought a memorable duel with swords.

Bernis received a mortal thrust and, sinking into the arms of a second, made all present promise to lie like gentlemen. "You can say we were fencing and the guard of my adversary's foil fell off," he is reported to have said.

He died to the sound of Arab music being played to the carefree throng outside.

Though all this happened 20 years ago, the Count of Paris' detractors still refer to him as "le petit Bernis." The Count ignores their jibes.

Endowed with half the great fortune of the chivalrous Bernis and owner of three famous chateaux in France, he is practically jibe-proof.

Prince Xavier, second best bet in the Royal Sweepstakes, is a direct descendant of Louis XIV and great-grandson of Charles X, the last Bourbon King of France.

Xavier, unlike his rivals, is allowed inside France because the Legitimists, back in 1873, formally relinquished all claims to the hypothetical throne in favor of the Orléans branch.

However, this does not seem to keep present members of the party from working openly for the surviving head of the old Bourbon line.

Along with the Count of Paris, Prince Louis Napoleon, the 30-year-old bachelor candidate of the Bonapartists, is barred from France. He lives in Switzerland, not to escape the war but to escape the

whims of his domineering mother. General Maxime Weygand may deserve a place in the Sweepstakes.

One rumor has it that he is the son of the Hapsburg-born Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, who, in turn, was alleged to be the son of the invalid King of Rome. So, if this holds water, Weygand is the great-grandson of the great Napoleon.

In case the Count of Paris, Prince Xavier and Prince Louis Napoleon persist in their indifference—and somebody now alive is called on to be the King of France—the French people have a possibility in the Duc de Nemours. He has the blue eyes of Francis I and Henry IV.

So, though he is not in the direct line of succession, he at least looks the way the Kings of France used to look, which is more than can be said truthfully of other contenders.



A Painting of Napoleon's Ill-Fated Son, and (Above) Prince Louis Napoleon.



"I'm sure you'll make a wonderful squirrel!" laughed Elsie

"SEE HERE, woman," thundered Elmer, the bull. "If you expect me to climb trees looking for nuts, let me tell you . . ."

"I want to be a squirrel, too," broke in little Beulah eagerly. "I want to run around on a wheel in a cage. Can I, mommy, can I?"

"Can is the word for it all right," laughed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "That's what I meant when I said you were squirrels. We're going to store away food for the winter just as squirrels do. I'm going to can all our garden vegetables and fruits we can't eat now and you may help me."

"Gee, can't we can some milk, too?" asked Beulah, fairly popping with excitement. "Mommy, you know you're always saying that milk is man's most nearly perfect food."



"So I am, child," agreed Elsie. "And milk is an even more nearly perfect food when it's *Borden's Homogenized Vitamin D Milk*. This is my very special milk with the cream mixed all through it. That makes the milk taste better, makes it more readily digestible.

Sunshine Vitamin D is added also."

"Then can we can it—can we?" demanded Beulah.

"Goodness," chuckled Elsie, "your tongue is

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK AGREES WITH TINY BABIES



all twisted up. Besides, we already do can milk. *Borden's Evaporated Milk* is canned milk so rich in Vitamin D and so very digestible that loads of doctors approve it for feeding tiny babies."

"Good, good," boomed Elmer. "As long as Borden has done all the work, I won't be needing this apron. Hurry up, get it off me."

"Not so fast," giggled Elsie. "It's everybody's business to can extra vegetables and fruits this year. They contain much of the nourishment found in milk, and milk is none too plentiful these days."

Beulah was examining the canning equipment and looking puzzled. "Mommy," she asked, "why do they call it canning when you put things up in glass jars?"

"I expect it's just habit," replied Elsie. "But don't worry: some of the best food I know

comes in jars. Take *Borden's Hemo*, for instance. Hemo is the new food drink—the way



to drink your vitamins and like 'em. And it has the smoothest chocolate-y, malted flavor you ever dreamed of sipping."

"If you must talk every minute," interrupted Elmer, "suppose you tell me why we go to all this fuss. Wouldn't it be just as easy to quick-freeze this stuff?"

"It would be, I suppose, if we had the equipment," agreed Elsie, "and lots of people do it."



Certainly, I'd be the last one to say anything against freezing. Without freezing there wouldn't be any *Borden's Ice Cream or Sherbets*. And they're not only great treats but great foods as well."

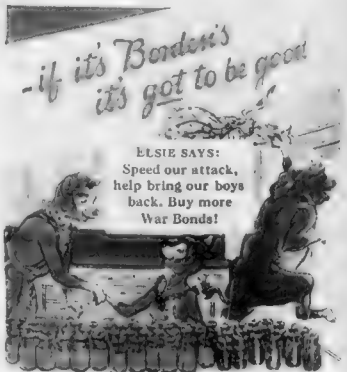
"Look," bellowed Elmer, "are you going to can food or talk shop? Every time one of us drops a word, you *sandwich* in a sales talk."



"I'm certainly glad you mentioned sandwiches," enthused Elsie. "For anyone can make marvelous sandwiches with *Borden's Wej-Cut Cream Cheese*. You don't need butter with Wej-Cut. It's a marvelous buy for your points and pennies."

"I know a good buy, too," grumbled Elmer, "and I'm saying it right now . . . good-by!"

"It certainly is, if it's a Borden's product," agreed Elsie. "*If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!*"



Danced Her Way Into a Prison Camp

Else, the Pugilistic Prima Ballerina of Denmark, Put On a Forbidden Show Just to Irk the Nazis, Then Packed Her Bag — And Waited for the Gestapo



Scarcely Was the Forbidden Ballet Completed When the Gestapo Agents Stalked Out on the Stage and Whisked Else Away to a Concentration Camp

By PRINCESS AMELIE KARAPOW

WHEN I heard the other day that Denmark's pugilistic prima ballerina, Else Knipschildt, had danced herself into a Nazi concentration camp, I understood right away just why she did it.

I've never known anyone more independent or with a greater love of liberty than dainty little Else, whose ability to protect herself with her quick-flailing fists has brought her almost as much renown as her graceful dancing.

She first disclosed her determined independence at the tender age of 3 when, at her birthday party, she insisted on dancing with her pet dog instead of the little boy in a blue sash chosen as her escort. And she reaffirmed her faith in freedom in characteristic manner in Copenhagen when, at 25, she pirouetted to the ballet music of Stravinsky's "A Soldier's Tale" against the prohibition of the Nazi masters of Denmark.

In the privacy of the Knipschildt home at the age of 3, Else's demonstration of individuality occasioned nothing more than good-humored amusement. In the public hall of the Danish Opera and Ballet School at the age of 25, the challenge to Nazi dictatorship provoked stern measures: Gestapo agents took Else with them.

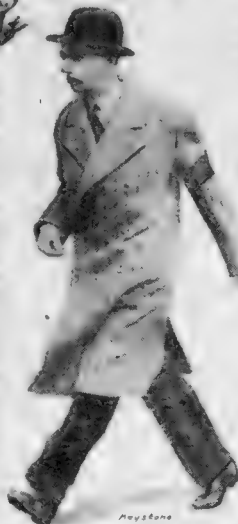
Under arrest, without charges against her, Else was marched off to internment—like her husband, a lieutenant commander in the Danish Navy, but not with him.

In her one-man war for independence, Else didn't bother to defy any little fellow in the German over-



Members of the Royal Danish Ballet in One of Their Productions.

Else Knipschildt Knew What She Wanted. Prince Gaetan de Bour- le: (Left) Wasn't It.



Raystone

lordship of Denmark. She chose the No. 1 gent

Dr. Warner Best, the Nazi civilian governor.

Courteously, but firmly, Dr. Best told her: "We forbid you to present this Russian ballet. Stravinsky is an enemy of the New Order."

The opinionated ballerina smiled. "Stravinsky is a great artist," she said, and went ahead with her plans.

There was a reason why the Nazis forbade the performance. Stravinsky wrote "A Soldier's Tale" in 1918 after Rus-

sia signed the Treaty of Brest Litovsk and bowed out of the first World War. The story is an allegory of a soldier returning from the

war. He is accosted by the devil, who offers him a book containing the answers to all questions, in return for the soldier's violin. The trade is made, and the soldier attains great power and wealth, but not happiness.

In a subsequent meeting, the soldier outplays the devil at cards and wins back his violin. With it he nurses an ailing princess to health and marries her. But he has a yearning for his homeland and determines to journey there. There, he meets the devil again and is soon lost forever.

It was apparent that the Nazis decided their own "Book of All Answers" left something to be desired, which the Danes might be discovering. They didn't want Else to recall it to them.

The ballet went on. Else went off. The Gestapo nabbed her on the stage as she finished her performance.

Else's husband has been under arrest since last August, when the Nazis took full control of the Danish

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Navy. Previously, word had gotten around of their intention, and many ships were scuttled by fleets of fliers. He was among the group in the coup.

Young, brilliant and beautiful, Else had won a reputation as a spitfire long before she invited a show-down with the Nazis.

She entered the ballet school at the age of 4 and soon afterward went to Russia. There she studied under the mad genius, Nijinsky. She returned to Copenhagen at 15, and offers came from London and Paris. She refused them because two classmates had died on European tours.

"I dance only in Denmark," she declared then. "Elsewhere we Danes are not wanted."

She was a magnet to men. Prince Gaetan de Bourle, a brother of the former Empress Zita of Austria, fell the bite of the love-bug. As a token to his chosen he presented Else with a jeweled music box, once a gift of King Louis XV to his innamorata, Mme. Pompadour. He said:

"I would get nearer to you."

Else considered that he already had come too near, and replied:

"I am like a rose, Your Highness. Press me close and I stab. I have thorns."

Prince Gaetan got the idea and hurried to Paris to another dance.

Baron Jan Swechter, of Sweden, wishes he had been as perspicacious.

It was the baron's custom to visit Copenhagen about once a month on business.

On one such occasion he relaxed at the opera, where he beheld the glamorous Else.

To him she was "that blond witch of the Royal Opera," and he fell so under her spell that he made it a habit to cross the Baltic Sea from Stockholm weekly. Soon he leased a handsome town house in Copenhagen and straightaway arranged an introduction to Else.

On a January night, after the ballet, Baron Swechter escorted Else on a drive to an inn for supper. On the way the baron forgot that he had been reared as a gentleman. He circled Else's waist with an arm and pulled her toward him. He didn't know about the thorns on the rose, but he soon found out.

Else's ballerina muscles collided jarringly on the baron's face, removing his bifocals and loosening his bridegroom. He cried out and the chauffeur stopped the car. Soon Else was fighting both men.

A well-directed jab impaled the chauffeur on a large icicle, and another waited the baron to dreamland. Else then climbed behind the wheel and drove home.

Else recognizes no authority except the authority of a free people. When she was arrested she told her captors disdainfully: "I expected this. I am ready. My bag is packed."

Out of This World—in Reno



Reno Offers Plenty of Scenic Beauty, Too, for Those Who Care to Enjoy It.

By INEZ ROBB
CHAPTER X

RENO, Nev. **R**ENO, like Caesar's wife, is all things to all men. To Joseph S. Robinson, New York attorney who fought the Reno divorce institution by his wife, now married to the widely known comedian, Lefty Lulu, Reno is a joke.

In opposing the Reno divorce before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York State, Robinson declared Reno to be "a city where perjury and more perjury is the order of the day, a city where every effort is exerted to make the marriage institution seem like a farce and where practically the entire populace feeds like vermin on profits from the divorce mill."

Yet the WPA guide book to this state, called "Nevada, the Silver State," laughingly declares:

"There are many Renos, and the two ways of seeing the right cuts are the railroad station from only one of them—and though commercially important, it is a regularly representative one of that in spite of flattery, flukes and newsreels."

A second Reno, also not representative, is the one which is the only one in the state which is the divorce capital.

A third Reno is composed of unnamed newcomers—another Reno is composed of the F. F. V's. And a fourth Reno is the one which is the most town in the state.

Of course truth as always is in the middle. It is a small town in the heart of the state, a town of about 10,000 people, and it is the only town in the state which is the divorce capital.

But the simple truth is that this Reno is the one which is the most town in the state. It is the only town in the state which is the divorce capital. It is the only town in the state which is the divorce capital. It is the only town in the state which is the divorce capital.

They stoutly insist that Reno is chiefly a center of supplies for the cattle and mining industry in a state of approximately 130,000 souls. Such citizens boast they should abolish gambling and divorce and still Reno would prosper.

Well, perhaps The Largest Little City in the World will become a ghost town. But it certainly would bear a striking resemblance to a hot little town. For gambling supports Reno's largest and most substantial payroll. And in 1943, it is conservatively estimated, the divorce trade poured \$1,000,000 in cash into this town of 10,000.

Before the current war prosperity flushed the town with money and staid the town into a Reno, Ed Walker, manager of the Reno Chamber of Commerce, estimated that the average divorcee spent \$500 during her residence here.

Much is lost to the record divorce crop of 584 divorces by 564, although the city was spending, and divorce probably came nearer putting five than four millions in Reno's 1943 bill.

The divorce trade, it brings a constant and ready flow of cash into Reno, but has brought millions of pennant in its stream of cash to town through the marriage weekly divorcees here.

Reno's lawyers, her doctors, her florists and her business men have married a variety of rich divorcees who have become Reno matrons.

Reno's No. 1 Go-Getter and Nevada's unrivaled Whiz-on-Wheels, youngish Norman Biltz, is the happy husband of the former Betty Hutton. One of the richest and most normal Easterners ever to



Wealthy Lord Cowley celebrated his Divorce by Marrying a Reno Hat-Check Girl, and Settling Down on a Nevada Ranch.

met his present wife when she came here in 1929 to divorce Edmund W. Nash, New York broker.

One of Reno's most popular matrons, and certainly would bear a striking resemblance to a hot little town. For gambling supports Reno's largest and most substantial payroll. And in 1943, it is conservatively estimated, the divorce trade poured \$1,000,000 in cash into this town of 10,000.

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with her and every man's wife suspected as much!

"But just as the dinner ended, the sophisticated and patrician Mrs. Mackay reached for her evening bag. She drew from it a little jeweled box. But it was no powder puff the beauty took from the box. It was a cigarette. Which she calmly lit and proceeded to smoke."

"You have no idea what a sensation it created," the one-time beau laughed. "When she pulled out that cigarette, the gasp that went up could have been heard clear down to the bank of the Truckee. It took the town 20 years to recover. Heaven knows what a woman could do publicly in Reno in 1944 to create a comparable sensation."

Now local history has swung full circle with the presence in Reno of the conservative daughter of the woman who horrified local society so long ago with the presence of the granddaughters of John Mackay, the sturdy young Irishman who stormed Virginia City without a nickel and made a fortune.

In the hands of the late Clarence Mackay, Mrs. Mackay's father, this fortune dwindled. But not before the Mackay fortune had been spent every while but in Nevada, where it originated. Now at least a portion of it has come home with Mrs. Mackay. She came here in 1947 to divorce Justice Kenneth O'Brien of the New York State Supreme Court and married Hawkins in 1953.

One of Reno's most prominent citizens in every sense of that phrase is George Hart, the town's avocet-crooner supreme. He is to the Biggest Little

City in the World what Sinatra is to adolescence and Crosby to juke box.

In short, Hart is a genuine, 24-carat Reno Institution. He is a Legitimate Exhibit, whose playing and singing at the Riverside Bar keeps it jammed.

Hart, a highly paid entertainer on the West Coast for years before coming to Reno at even more expense, has made a large fortune of his own. But this middle-aged, unromantic looking man whose corporation is beginning to bulge and whose thinning hair is carefully parted to do the most good over a large area, married \$15,000,000.

In 1937, he married Marcia Farrell Kersey, granddaughter of Anthony J. Healy, the late traction magnate. She first came to Reno in 1931 to divorce John McKelvie Kersey.

Sometimes it works in reverse, a divorcee gets hitched to a local gal and his fortune comes here. Christian Arthur Wellesley, Fourth Earl Cowley, is one of Reno's prize exhibits. Lord Cowley, great-grandson of the First Duke of Wellington, came here to divorce his first wife, Mrs. Pickard.

While hiding his time in Reno, he went to a local night spot and there checked his hat with a pretty Reno girl. You have already guessed the ending. Yip. His Lordship married the girl everyone likes Christian Arthur Wellesley Vintners from the Old Country who made a formal call on Lord Cowley once found him shoveling manure.

The rich men and women seeking divorce who marry and stay here or just stay here form a large portion of the colony of "tax refugees" in Nevada,

the so-called "The One Sound State" and "The Cynical Cellar of the Tax Weary."

When Doris Duke Cromwell arrived here last year her purpose was twofold. To divorce James H. R. Cromwell and to establish a permanent residence in a state that respects money. Here her \$212,000,000 inheritance will be safe from any and all forms of state taxation except Nevada's basic property tax.

Citizens can deny it until they are black in the face, but wide-open gambling and liberal divorce laws, which constantly attract outside money to Nevada, help largely to enable this state to maintain liberal tax laws. So billions come here.

While the money rolls in, Renos live in fear of only three things: an unthinkable reform session of the state legislature which would abolish gambling and the present easy divorce laws; limitation by rival states seeking quick and easy money; and a uniform national divorce law.

BUT until these things happen, Reno is on Easy Street. Divorce pays better than marriage, but she still takes in from \$80,000 to \$1,000,000 annually from the thousands of couples who flock here to take advantage of Nevada's liberal marriage laws.

There is no three-to-five days wait or "big marriage" law in Nevada, nor is there a blood test requirement as in neighboring states.

Despite the scarcity of gasoline and the difficulties of travel, 1945 couples who married a Reno in 1941 "the standard fee for performing a marriage ceremony here is \$3 plus \$1 each for two witnesses. It is estimated that approximately 50 per cent of the couples are married by the two District Judges who grant all of Reno's divorces.

Indeed, in the afternoon recess during the hear-

The Average Divorcee Spends at Least \$500 During Her Short Stay in Reno. Many Wealthy Ones Remarry and Remain There, and Nevada's Lenient Marriage and Tax Laws Lure a Steady Golden Shower That Literally Paves the Streets With Millions.

ing of the Doris Duke Cromwell divorce case, the presiding judge picked up a nice piece of change by marrying a couple in his chambers.

This gravy also spreads out through the town, with the justice of the peace and a number of ministers liberally padding their sal-aries with marriage fees. Hotels, florists and jewelers also share.

This is a charming, but case where the community where reform is anathema and Anthony Comstock or a Watch and Ward Society would not survive 24 hours. It likes itself the way it is; it just doesn't relish its reputation.

Samuel Lindley Groves Peterson Rice Capt. Peri, once of New York, is now firmly established as "Queen of the Merry Wives of Washoe Valley." To date she has been married five times with four divorcees.

Nothing could possibly surprise Reno. Even the Princess Stelane Hohenlohe Schullins-fuerst Hitler's confidante, failed to cause a stir just before the current war when she called Baden-Baden three times from the Riverside Hotel in an attempt to get a recipe for an Old Fashioned Cocktail.

LET other American communities stay in their own juices over post-war reconversion plans. Reno is ready with hers. The community knows it will be called upon to convert thousands of hasty wartime marriages into single blessedness. As soon as the war ends in Europe and Asia, Reno figures the real battle will begin on the home front.

But Reno is ready. She faces the future calm and confident. Peace—it's going to be wonderful.

THE END.

Beginning Here Next Week HOMESTEADS, HELL AND HISTORY

By COL. H. EDWIN MOOZT

Oklahoma Boomer, Pioneer Editor, Indian Scout and Deputy U. S. Marshal

COL. MOOZT, one of the original Oklahoma Boomers, tells an eye-witness story of the colorful benefits-and-land stampedes of half a century ago.

With his vivid pictures of adventures, preceding and following the wild land rush in our history, he brings to life the romances, tragedies, heroism and sacrifices of those daring settlers of the great West.

Be sure to begin this tense, human story in the July 16 issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 17

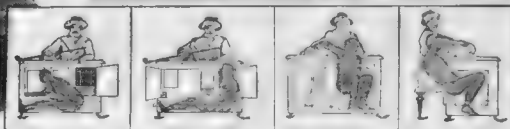
Why Automatons Never Grow Into Useful Machines

Human-like Robots Have Fascinated Us Through the Ages, Dr. Laird, Psychologist, Explains, Because We're Never Too Old to Play With Dolls—But Practical Labor-saving Inventions Have Very Little Resemblance to Persons

The Cigarette-Smoking Automaton (Below) Was One of the First Man-like Machines. Its Limbs Moved by Clockwork and It Could Also Inhale and Exhale Smoke by Means of a Bellows. It Was the Ancestor of the Steel Monster Which Can Walk and Talk (Right) But Neither of Them Is More Than a Big Toy.



Which Is the Robot and Which Its Inventor, Milton Tenenbaum? The Automatic Fisherman Is on the Right. Above, His "Brains."



The Famous Chess-player Which Defeated Napoleon Was Really a Fake. The Robot's Hands Were Operated by a Dwarf Who Crawled Inside the Base.

By DR. DONALD A. LAIRD
Internationally Known Psychologist and Lecturer

IT'S not a yen for efficiency that causes some of us to construct human-like robots and makes the rest of us fascinated with the apparent wonders they perform.

All down the ages, man has been devising realistic automatons, once in a while, perhaps, with some vague notion of turning out in his own image a contrivance that would relieve him of burdensome labor.

But the real reason so many ingenious mechanics devote long hours to making these diverting playthings is that they're indulging a hangover from the childhood habit of make-believe—giving vent to the persistent urge to play with dolls.

Robots, however, never develop into useful devices. In fact, it wasn't until man stopped trying to produce inventions that imitated his own actions that he finally succeeded in making practical labor-saving

machinery. At best, robots only perform stunts. Consider, for example, the remarkable talking fisherman shown on the top of this page—a life-size, realistic robot bearing a striking resemblance to its inventor, Milton Tenenbaum, well-known Brooklyn sculptor and mechanic.

This automatic fisherman really fishes—when there's a tug on its line, a mechanism rings a bell, raises the robot's arm and pulls the catch out of the water. Not only that, the robot can talk. He spins a good fish story like nobody's business, but it's just a trick done with a microphone.

Without a human master this contrivance is just a big doll.

Then there's the mechanical chess player, which was considered a supernatural marvel 200 years ago.

As shown in the diagram, a dwarf crawled inside the base and operated the dummy's hands. The wheels and springs were phony.

Houdini's cigarette-smoking automaton likewise fooled the English and French. Many onlookers marveled at the gigantic robot at the New York World's Fair but its accomplishments were nothing compared to the muscular mechanism that makes us blink our eyes.

1944'S SUMMER SURPRISE TREAT! Fresh Lemon Oatmeal Cookies!

EASY TO MAKE?
YES, INDEED!
15 MINUTES' TIME
IS ALL YOU NEED!



FRESH LEMON OATMEAL COOKIES! Made With Quaker Oats and Sunkist Lemons (MAKES 3 DOZEN COOKIES)

Time: 12-15 Minutes

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon grated Sunkist lemon rind

- 2 tablespoons Sunkist lemon juice
- 3/4 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 2 1/2 cups Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or regular type, uncooked)

1. Cream shortening; add sugars gradually and cream well.
2. Beat in egg until light and fluffy; add lemon rind and juice.
3. Sift flour, salt and soda together; add with rolled oats to creamed mixture.
4. Drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet and bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

SERVE WITH SUNKIST LEMONADE



FOR SAILOR,
MARINE OR
ARMY BOY!



GREETED
BY HOME FOLKS
WITH CRIES
OF JOY!

Extra Delicious, Extra Healthful, Too!

They *look* so brown and crisp, your hand just automatically reaches out for one. Then, when you *taste* them, you smile with delighted surprise! Yes, for this delicious cookie combines the nut-tasty flavor of good Quaker Oats with tangy lemon juice! Such a refreshing summery-tasting cookie! And they bake

up so quickly and easily, they're no trick at all. Keep splendidly—fine for service men's packages. And they're good for everyone, sure enough, because they're rich in oatmeal's famous growth and strength elements. Have fun being one of the first to surprise family and friends with this grand new cookie!

Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats Are the Same.

DELICIOUS WHOLE-GRAIN

QUAKER OATS

AMERICA'S SUPER BREAKFAST FOOD



Laugh and Have Fun with
"THAT BREWSTER BOY"
Fridays, CBS, Coast to Coast, 9:30 E. W. T.

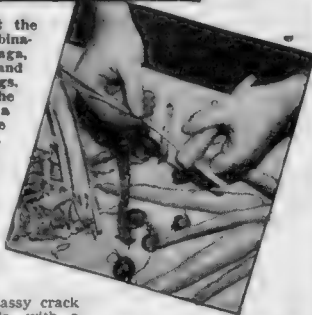


Tojo's Head, at the left, is a Combination of Rutabaga, Lettuce, Parsley and Hard-Boiled Eggs. The Picture at the Right Shows a Vegetable Chorus Girl in the Making.

and radishes
he produced a
whole row of
chorus girls
that look—and
are — good
enough to eat.

A knobby rubabaga inspired him to take a sassy crack at the Japs. So, with a couple of hard-boiled eggs for teeth and a sprig or two of lettuce and parsley—and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses—he turned out a scathing caricature of Tojo.

The imaginative victory gardener also did a "painting" or two with the produce from his family plot. For a lakeside scene he



used potatoes as boulders and celery stalks as trees. He daubed in a background of woods and water and topped off with a fried egg as the setting sun.

"An artist who works in this medium," says Mr. Mong, "never has to wonder where his next meal is coming from."

IT isn't everybody who can combine art with agriculture. But Louis Mong, of Akron, Ohio, can and he did, as the photographs on this page show. To relax from his labors

in one of the best victory gardens in the community. Artist Mong brought a few vegetables into his studio and went to work with them. Out of a pile of carrots and young onions

Mommies and daughters may young mothers who know their daughters are naturally lovely. That's why Bondex, the special shampoo that keeps keeping hair from darkening and keeps blonde blonde hair, is so popular. Bondex makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes dandruff, dust film that makes hair dark, old looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair new lustrous highlights. Safe for children. At 10c, drug or dept. stores.

**DON'T LET
MOSQUITOES
BITE YOU THIS SUMMER**

It's easier than you think to keep Mosquitoes from biting. Just rub a few drops of Jitter Bug on ankles and legs before you walk in the grass or sit on the ground. These pesky insects don't like Jitter Bug and seldom bite the man, woman or child who has applied it before going outside. Jitter Bug is an effective, easy-to-apply liquid with a pleasant odor. Costs only 35¢ at drug, grocery, hardware, department and variety stores.

JITTER BUG

Extra U. S. War Bonds give you a bigger personal share in Victory.

"Want a lovelier face?"

MY
LUX SOAP
BEAUTY
FACIALS DO
WONDERS FOR
MY SKIN!

VERONICA LAKE

Star of Paramount's
"THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN"



FIGHT WASTE

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisture last longer and press against new cake.

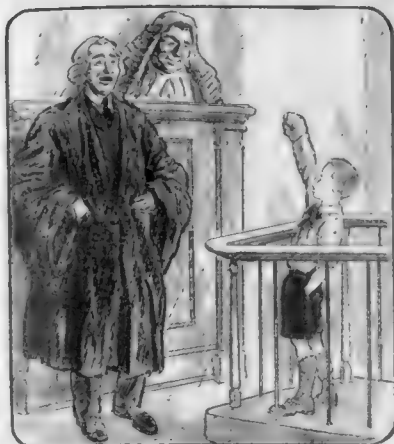
In recent tests of this Lux Toilet Soap care actually 3 out of 4 complextions improved in a short time! Lovely Veronica Lake says: "My Lux Soap facials do wonders for my skin. I cover my face generously with the creamy lather and work it in gently but thoroughly. Then rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat to dry. A beauty care that really works!"



You want the loveliness that wins romance! Take Hollywood's tip. Men respond to the charm of skin that's smooth. Give your skin gentle Lux Toilet Soapcare.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

When Justice Is Funny



There Was Nothing Formal or Sedate About the Atmosphere of the Courtroom When the Boy Raised His Arm High Above His Head.

MOST people think of British courts—with their judges and lawyers dressed in powdered wigs and black robes—as the height of legal dignity. Take, for example, a recent case in London when Sir Ernest Wild was sitting on the bench. The plaintiff was called on to present himself. Thereupon, one of the jurors stood up.

"What are you doing on the jury?" demanded the

startled jurist.

"My Lord, I was summoned to sit on it," the juror replied.

"But surely," continued the astonished magistrate, "you knew that you could not help try your own case?"

"Well," grinned the plaintiff, "I did think it was a bit of luck."

In another laugh-filled case that rocked the dignity of the court, Judge Parry rebuked a witness who had

sworn that everything his wife had said on the stand was absolutely true.

"I tell you, candidly," lectured the judge, "I don't believe a word of her story."

"You may do as you like," answered the browbeaten husband. "I've got to."

The greatest asset of a witness, it seems, is his lie ability. Take the recent case when P. E. Smith, the lawyer for a bus company, quizzed a witness.

The company had been sued by the parents of a boy injured in a collision. It was alleged that the youth could no longer raise his right arm above his shoulder.

"Will you please show us how high you can lift your arm now?" sympathetically asked Smith. With a pained face, the boy raised his arm about six inches.

"Thank you," said the attorney, "and, now, please, will you show us how high you could lift it before the accident?"

The kid lifted the limb straight in the air, and the ensuing laughter almost lifted the courtroom rafters.

In another case, a judge, miffed after a long fight with an attorney on a point of procedure, sarcastically inquired:

"What do you suppose I am on the bench for?"

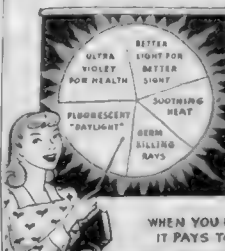
Smiling, the lawyer bowed, and replied:

"It is not for me to attempt to fathom the inscrutable workings of Providence."

G-E RESEARCH "MOVES THE SUN"

THIS MAY BE YOU IN YOUR POSTWAR BATHROOM—ONLY INSTEAD OF BATHING OUTDOORS YOU'LL HAVE THE BENEFITS OF 'SUNLIGHT' INDOORS—THANKS TO GENERAL ELECTRIC LAMP RESEARCH!

WHICH PART OF THE SUN DO YOU WANT AFTER THE WAR?



BETTER LIGHT FOR READING? A HEALTHFUL SUNTAN? 'DAYLIGHT' IN YOUR KITCHEN? G-E RESEARCH WILL BRING IT TO YOU IN LAMPS THAT 'STAY BRIGHTER LONGER'!

WHEN YOU NEED LAMPS IT PAYS TO GET G-E

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Every extra War Bond you buy in the 5th War Loan increases your share in the final victory.

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile!

Put a bright sparkle in your smile. Make it your winning charm—with the help of Ipana and Massage.

HERE'S TO YOU, Plain Girl! Here's to your success in winning friends, romance—your heart's desire. Yes, you can do it—if your smile is right. For the girl with a lovely, flashing smile has a radiant and appealing charm!

So smile, plain girl, smile. But remember, for the kind of smile that wins attention you need bright, sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush!"

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—make a date to see your dentist immediately! He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



START TODAY WITH

Ipana and Massage



DENTISTS PREFER
IPANA 2 TO 1
over any other dentifrice
for personal use*

*Based upon the results of a 1944 nationwide survey among thousands of dentists.
(Ipana—Product of Bristol-Myers)

SEERS



After the Glamorous Marxa Had Been Bound in the Cabinet, the Lights Were Dimmed and a Thing Emerged from the Curtains That Appeared To Be Decidedly Not of This World.

No. 4—Martian Cults Exploited

REMEMBER how radio listeners were thrown into a panic a few years ago by a dramatic broadcast of an imaginary "Invasion from Mars?"

Well, fraudulent spiritualist mediums have remembered that broadcast, too.

These fakirs trade upon public credulity. It is easy to gull people, who have already been softened up by superstitious beliefs. Recognizing that fact is the chief trick in a charlatan's bag.

So it wasn't long before materializing mediums were exploiting Martian cults, on a strictly "scientific" basis, of course.

And that was how I came to meet Marxa, the Martian Medium, who claimed that she could bring queer creatures from the red planet and send them back again.

Reliable informants told me that living oddities had appeared in her seance room, only to disappear without a trace. So, when her manager invited me to attend one of the materializations, I accepted with alacrity.

Marxa's was the usual type of spook parlor, but the medium herself was young and attrac-

tive, a streamlined contrast to the bulky, middle-aged ladies who generally deal in materializations.

The room had a cabinet in one corner, with curtains across the front. There was also a thin inner curtain with elastic cords, to cover any gap in the center—a promise of coming fraud. The spectators sat in a semi-circle outside. The cabinet contained a single chair in which the medium was to be bound.

To prove that she used no paraphernalia, Marxa calmly disrobed. After hanging her garments on a chair outside the cabinet, Marxa insisted she now had on too little for elaborate concealment, and no one ventured to disagree.

Wearing shoes and stockings with her scanties, she was bound in the chair inside the cabinet with ropes supplied by her manager. I was given the longest rope of all, but the customers insisted she was sufficiently bound, so we retired to the outside chairs and the manager drew the curtains.

Suddenly a chill swept the seance room and the manager declared that a Martian spirit, accustomed to polar temperature, had provided it in order to survive its brief visit.

The outer curtains stirred, and from the cabinet came the most outlandish creature I have ever viewed anywhere. At mere sight, it couldn't have been Marxa, for the dainty medium was twice as tall as this hideous monstrosity.

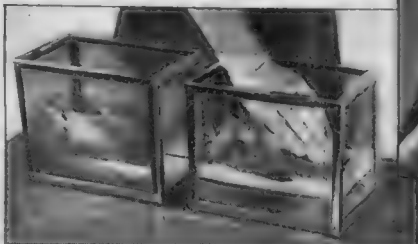
The thing from Mars was round and squatly, with a head that seemed a bulbous protuberance of its body. It hopped around on feet that had practically no legs, and even in the red light, its horrible features were all too plain.

The face was an ugly saffron color; the eyes and lips were thin and wide; and the nose was like a bashed-in melon.

Women screamed and men shoved backward as the living horror hopped about the circle. I was at one end, and when the thing glared at me,

AND SUCKERS

An EXPOSE of the
SPIRITUALISTIC RACKET
by JOSEPH DUNNINGER,
MASTER MENTALIST
and READER of
THOUGHTS



By Dipping Their Hands Alternately Into Water and Melted Paraffin, Mediums Mold What They Call "Spirit Hands." One of Which Dunninger Is Exhibiting.

I stood away, too, chair and all. With a triumphant leer, the monster turned and started back toward the cabinet.

On the second-hop it tripped and sprawled with a very human shriek, which I followed with the one word, "Lights!"

As it tried to get up, the creature elongated to almost human size. I stretched it further by pulling a top-knot above its head. As it lost the unusual robe it was wearing, the witnesses saw the most amazing transformation ever accomplished in any seance room.

The thing from Mars had become Marx. Her design was simple, but remarkably effective when seen in the red light. She had taken the cabinet's inner curtain, the one with the elastic ends, and drawn it about her.

Squatting inside, she had appeared really hideous. With her shoulders doubled down to her knees, she had reduced her height.

Marxa was an acrobat as well as a contortionist, and her spry hops around the floor had resembled the steps of a Russian dance.

The saffron face with its slant eyes and flat nose had been produced by one of her stockings, drawn over her head. The silk had thinned into a yellow film, and the tightened material spread the girl's face into a hideous grimace.

All that was wiped away when I pulled the top-knot, formed by the stocking's toe, and tugged the stocking clear away.

The fakers were indebted to science for the chilled atmosphere. Marx's manager had secretly up-orked a double flask containing liquid air, which lowered the temperature of the room while the medium was slipping the ropes and pulling into her quick disguise.

But the exposure of Marx was my own no-



As Dunninger Grabbed the "Spirit's" Top-knot, Her Robe Dropped Off and She Stood Unmasked as Marx Herself, a Clever Acrobat and Contortionist as Well as a Faking Medium.

tion. They had left me with a long piece of rope without an opportunity to bind the medium. So I had hitched one end of the rope to the chair at the far end of the circle, and had carried the other end over to my own. Lying on the floor, the rope hadn't shown in the ruddy light.

When the medium had hopped deep into the circle, I had drawn back in pretended horror. The rope had been pulled tight, tripping the fake wonder on its return dance to the cabinet, and Marx had sprawled onto the floor.

In the cabinet we found loose ropes hanging from the arms and leg of the chair. She had simply slipped them, intending to wriggle back into them after she returned to the cabinet.

Of course, she would have put on her stocking and replaced the inner curtain where it belonged. We could have searched the premises without finding anyone hiding, and not one person in a thousand would have imagined that the missing creature had been Marx.

This "materialization" in its lurid setting gave further evidence of how easy it is for the ordinary sitters at a seance to exaggerate what happens there. No wonder they make absurd statements and wild claims for such "materialization" that may be paraded before their eyes.

How far the Martian racket has advanced was shown when a group of fakers, recently asked my advice about an interplanetary tour for an invention that he called instructions from a spirit medium, who was supposed to be communicating with the master of Mars. These men were very serious in their request for information on the subject.

"It's just a new twist," I told them.

"In the Victorian period, mediums harped on a place they called the Sunnariand. After World War I they began claiming that departed spirits dwelt in astral planes, with multitudes living in a materialized state about five miles above the earth."

"But, Dunninger," objected one listener, "that couldn't be. The new stateriders would be continually bumping into cloud banks full of spirits."

"Don't think the fakers overlooked that angle," I replied. "As soon as science talked about airplanes riding through the stratosphere, they shifted their spirit lands to places like Mars, which were too remote to be reached."

I then told how spook fakers had seized upon the work of Professor Theodore Flournoy, a French scientist who had studied the trance utterances of a clairvoyant named Helene Smith.

She talked in a language supposed to be Martian, describing the landscapes of that planet. Her excursions into the subconscious proved to be helpful to fake mediums in many ways.

For many years mediums have been producing varying forms of spirit hands and feet. One of them called her trick "Hands Across the Sea of Death."

Beside her chair were placed a bucket of cold water and a bucket of melted paraffin.

The materializing spirits were to dip their hands in the paraffin and then in the cold water in order to harden the paraffin. On their departure from the seance room they were to leave behind, for members of the circle to see, their paraffin hand impressions. Some hand impression was always found when the lights went on.

"Here's my proof," the medium exalted to her wondering circle, "that I have called upon the spirits and they have answered me."

Finally, it was discovered that she used special rubber gloves, the surfaces of which were prepared in advance with lines and ridges to reproduce in the paraffin the palm lines and other features of an actual hand.

Exposure, however, did not scotch this trick. Indeed, it was later expanded to meet the taste of scientific investigators, who asked to be shown a paraffin mold of a spirit's clenched fist.

The mediums responded by filling a rubber glove with water, shaping it to a fist and dipping it in the paraffin. The water was then poured from the glove which was easily de-



Bound as Securely as Mediums Are Supposed to Be, Dunninger Can Free Himself in the Dark, and Startle a Sucker With a "Spirit Hand" on a Stick.

kept it a closely guarded secret in the production of what they termed ectoplasmic shapes.

Hands and heads were fashioned out of rubber, and in them were concealed a chemical powder, with a tiny vial of special acid. When the vial was broken, the united chemicals inflated the fantastic human-like shapes.

My monied friends admitted that their medium had communed with celestial characters, but the Mars Motor was a fact, they declared. So we went to a laboratory and found the inventor demonstrating the model from which he hoped to build a full-sized machine.

The machine was an intricate collection of cogs, sprockets, and pistons standing on a square sheet of glass, mounted on four glass legs on a large wooden base. The whole thing was covered with a removable glass case. This strange mechanism was smoothly operating an upright rod from which metal spheres covered a sweeping circle at an angle of 45 degrees.

Under the watchful eyes of private detectives working a 24-hour shift, the machine had been running for a month. According to the inventor, it was getting as power straight from Mars, thanks to a so-called interplanetary projector.

After studying the contraption, I asked for 24 hours in which to give my opinion. Meanwhile, I made certain arrangements which I felt sure would expose the hoax. When we returned to close the deal, the machine was still running and the medium was in a trance, translating messages from the Martian tongue.

The inventor beamed when one financier drew out his check book, but at that crucial moment I pointed to the machine and it suddenly stopped, to the amazement of all except myself. My cue was simply an electric light in the hallway; when it went off, I knew the machine would stop when I made my gesture.

I had arranged with the electric company to cut off the current in that neighborhood, and the interplanetary motor had failed when the local lighting system stopped functioning.

The fakers reluctantly disclosed the true mechanism, when we promised not to prosecute. One of the glass legs of the stand was hollow. Inside it was a glass rod that ran down into the platform where it was revolved by a small motor. The rod was geared to the motor's crank, providing the motive power.

(In his next article Mr. Dunninger will explain the postwar frauds he says will arrive with the wave of spiritism that is already rising.)



Treat SUNBURN as a BURN!

Every gardener knows that the easiest crop to raise and the first to bloom is SUNBURN.

You can't garden and escape it, but you can use UNGUENTINE to help soothe and cool the burn—to relieve the pain and promote prompt healing.

FOR "SKINJURIES," TOO!

Use soothing, antiseptic Unguentine for all the minor cuts, scrapes, bites, scratches and other skin injuries that plague a summer.

Unguentine is a pure and kindly ointment, at all times.



BODY FRESHNESS

Banish odor this pleasant easy way

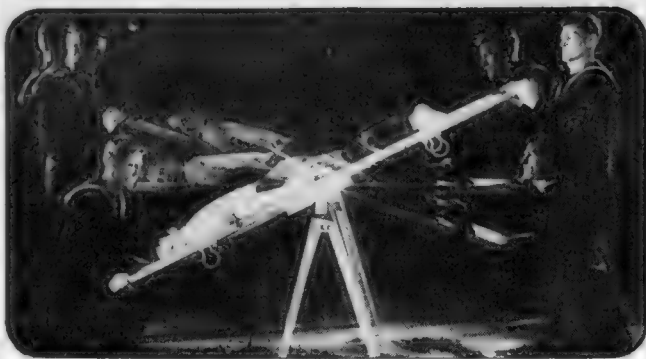
Why endure

strong-smelling soaps when a daily bath with fragrant, mildly medicated Cuticura Soap leaves you feeling wonderfully clean and confident! Finish with borated Cuticura Talcum to absorb perspiration; guard against offending. FREE Talcum sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-44, Malden, Mass.



In many steaming tropical countries 104 year proved Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment is a favorite because SKIN SUCCESS works so fast to kill the fungi on contact, relieve the itching agony and help heal. For complete SKIN SUCCESS treatment bathe feet with the foamy medication or SKIN SUCCESS Soap 25c, then apply Palmer's SKIN SUCCESS Ointment 25c (5c a 2c contains 4 times as much) at drug and toiletry counters or from E. T. Browne Drug Co., 127 Water St., New York, N. Y.

Lifesaving Seesaw



This Triple-Exposure Photograph Shows the New "Rocker" Which the British Navy Has Adopted to Save the Lives of Shipwrecked Sailors.

"ROCKED from the Cradle of the Deep"—to give a modern twist to the old song—might be the title of a new method of reviving drowning persons.

The Eve technique—named for its inventor, Dr. Frank C. Eve of Hull, England—straps the victim to a seesaw, like that used to amuse children, and gently jogs him up and down.

The rocker system has saved many lives in Britain where it has been adopted by the Navy. It is considered an improvement on older methods of resuscitation, including the Schafer, or prone pressure, technique generally used in this country.

Those who favor the Eve idea say that even an unskilled person can save lives with it, whereas the Schafer method calls for special training.

Instead of inducing the lungs to work by manual pressure, Dr. Eve's system uses the contents of the abdomen as a piston to push and pull on the lungs.

The British physician bases his method on the fact that the diaphragm, which controls inhalation and expiration, quickly loses its ability to function in drowning persons. The back and forth motion revives the lungs, he says, even though the diaphragm isn't on the job.

To resuscitate a drown-

ing person, Dr. Eve straps the feet and hands to his apparatus. Then the patient is tipped head down 45 degrees until no more water drains from his stomach or lungs. After that a tilt of 30 degrees each way, ten times a minute, serves to stimulate breathing. The job is easy on the rockers.

Dr. Eve's invention dates back to 1932 when he was called to treat a two-year-old girl diphtheria victim who was choking to death. Mucus in her windpipe was causing the death rattle. The physician covered a rocking chair with blankets, tied the tiny sufferer to it, and tilted her back and forth until her lungs had driven the stuff out of her throat.

"Scoff, if you will, Gentlemen, but this woman will live!"



STOICLY, and with the fierce conviction and undying faith that had marked him from the beginning, Lister, his scalp laid aside, the first dressing completed, addressed his critics at length.

In the eyes of one or two he saw hope and faith to buttress his own, but on the faces of others—some of them the leaders of the profession—he read only doubt and disbelief.

He could almost hear the sneers of the attending nurses whispering in the background while they viewed the pale and lovely woman on the table. Lister knew that they regarded his fanatical insistence on cleanliness, the repeated dressings, his evil antiseptics, as the vagaries of a madman . . . that they were awaiting the "dead-care" to carry the woman away, just as it had carried away countless others, when blood poisoning followed compound fracture.

But Lister knew, also, that his radical methods, his antiseptics aimed to keep germs out of wounds, before, during and after every operation, must, with God's will, triumph

And triumph they did . . . the woman lived!

So, patient by patient, case by case, day by day, Lister piled up evidence in support of his antiseptic theory which was to rid the world of untold

suffering, and reduce the hideous fatalities that came an ill time again followed even the simplest surgical operations.

Quick Germ-Killing Action—Safely

It was for the great Lister that Listerine Antiseptic was named, meeting the requirements of a fine antiseptic . . . a solution with a rapid germ-killing power, non-poisonous in character, and absolutely safe to use.

Today, in literally millions of homes, Listerine Antiseptic is the trustworthy first-aid in countless little emergencies "until the doctor comes." Make it a "must" for your medicine cabinet.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

For countless little emergencies

**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**



DON'T WORRY ABOUT Iron!
Without Iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra Iron you need—in the only way you can fully use it!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT Vitamin G & Niacin!
You can't be alert, awake "alive!" without Vitamin G and Niacin. You get them—and the entire Vitamin "B" complex family in Ovaltine!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT Vitamin D!
You get "D" from sunshine—but most of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, however, you're safe with Ovaltine!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT Vitamin A!
Children need Vitamin A to grow. You need it to fight off colds. With Ovaltine you get all the extra "A" experts say you need.

DON'T WORRY

ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use!

Government authorities say that 3 out of 4 people are under par—nervous, underweight, easily fatigued—because they don't get enough vitamins and minerals from their meals!

But you needn't worry if you are an Ovaltine user! Because 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and just 3 average-good meals including citrus fruit or tomatoes—will give you all the vitamins and minerals you need! All you can profitably use for perfect health, according to experts—unless you're sick and should be under a doctor's care. Equally important, Ovaltine also supplies high-

energy food as well as protein, the only basic substance from which the body creates the living tissue of muscles and nerves. If your child doesn't get enough protein he can't grow, no matter how many vitamins he takes! If you don't get enough, you can't repair or replace worn-out tissue—you'll be tired and run down in spite of plenty of vitamins. But the Ovaltine way you get all the protein you need for utmost vitality.

So don't worry about vitamins, minerals or protein! Just follow the Ovaltine way for better health!

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

WARNING! Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply all the vitamins and minerals you need for health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing, cooking reduce vitamin-mineral values of food. Today's food shortages make it more important to rely on Ovaltine for extra vitamins and minerals

DON'T WORRY ABOUT Vitamin B!
You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough Vitamin "B." The Ovaltine way you get plenty!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT Protein & Energy Food!
Without enough protein your child can't grow and you'll be tired and run down, no matter how many vitamins you take. For protein is the only basic food that builds muscle, nerve and body cells. The Ovaltine way you get plenty of protein—also high-energy food for daily vitality!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT Calcium & Phosphorus!
Calcium and Phosphorus are vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.

OVALTINE ... the most delicious way to get your vitamins!



CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

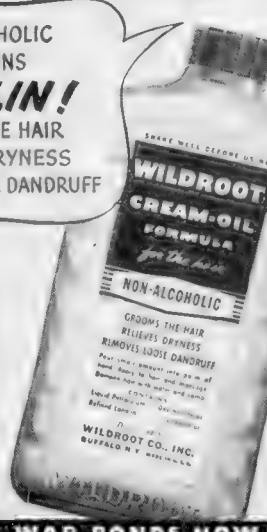
1 Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy large size for greater economy.



YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2 Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained handkerchiefs, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN! GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF



Renowned LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nationwide test prefer it to the hair tonics they had been using. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FORMULA
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CO., INC.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

BUT MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

Joke on Jokers



Instead of Being Stuck in a Remote, One-Horse Town, the Two American Soldiers Had the Time of Their Lives.

TWO American soldiers on furlough, walking down the main street of Sydney, Australia, one day recently, bumped into another fighting man.

"You guys really want 'have a swell time?'" asked their new acquaintance. "Then you'd better visit Walgett."

While the pair listened attentively, the Yank went on to tell them all about the fun that anyone could have there.

"If you fellows got a few days," the tipster confided, "it'd be worth your while to make the trip."

The buddies thanked him, and happily bought tickets for the place some 340 miles from Sydney.

The soldiers never thought to ask the friendly Australians about Walgett. Anyone could have told

them that they were the victims of a practical joker.

The two found that out soon enough, however, on arrival. Getting off at the station, they blinked their eyes at a dinky little hamlet, plunked down in the middle of a great plain.

The disillusioned vacationers were about to buy return tickets when the townspeople heard about the first Americans to set foot in the place.

For 10 days the soldiers were the guests of honor at several ranches, were wine and dined and taken on exciting kangaroo, emu and wild pig hunts. Nothing was too good for them.

At the end of their leave the two returned to Sydney — to enjoy the last laugh.

A 27,000-Word Letter

A LOT of soldiers and sailors bitterly complain that when they hear from the folks at home, or from sweethearts, their letters are too short.

But the last man in the world who could register such a complaint is Marine Corporal Joseph Murphy of Jersey City, New Jersey.

When Murphy answered mail call the other day at his base in the South Pacific, he was handed a 27,000-word letter from his girl friend in San Diego. It was 44 pages long.

She hadn't been sure of his address, so she kept on adding to her letter every day until she heard from him.

Next Week

How the BOOMERS Tamed the OLD WILD WEST

A famous old pioneer's saga of how the Boomer horde plowed the way for law and living in the great Southwest. Bequeath this exciting account of outlaws, gunshots, feuds, trouble-hunting Indians and hard-fighting brother heroes. Read "Homesteads, Hail and How" in the

July 16 Issue of

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

EYES TIRED?



TWO DROPS

QUICK RELIEF

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them to quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—ad oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.



MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • CLEANSSES • REFRESHES

RUN DOWN?

MANY DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS TONIC



If You "Run Easily", have low resistance to minor ills—due to lack of the Vital Elements—natural A and D Vitamins—try taking good-tasting Scott's Emulsion daily! National survey shows many doctors recommend this valuable summer tonic to help build up resistance, bring back energy and stamina! Buy Scott's today sure! At all druggists!



Don't Scratch
Relieve Itch Fast

Even the most stubborn itching caused by sunburn, insect bites, atopic dermatitis, or other skin troubles is quickly relieved by D.D.D. Prescription. 40 years of success. Greaseless, stainless and non-irritating. Soothes, comforts and quenches the most intense itching impulses. A little bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for—

D.D.D. Prescription

THE HEAT'S ON BABY AND YOU!

The whole family wants relief from itching, tormenting heat rash, prickly heat and chafe. Mexsana, the soothing, medicated powder has been comforting these miseries for over 40 years. Also eases itch of mosquito bites, cools burn of sunburn. And when sprinkled on baby after every change, Mexsana helps prevent torturing diaper rash. Contains ingredients specialists often use to relieve these discomforts. Costs little. Saves most in larger economy sizes. Try it! Why suffer when you and your family can beat the heat with Mexsana.

MUFTI THE MULTI-USE SPOT REMOVER

BUY Dr. Joseph ASPRIN
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢

WATCH OUT FOR HER BITE IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT!

Spray with FLIT before going to bed. Treat your flits on closets and dark corners. Kill all mosquitoes with FLIT!

Remember almost every state harbors Anopheles... the mosquito that carries the miasma of malaria. The mosquito you'll recognize, because it always lands head down... because it usually attacks while you sleep!

Attack first with FLIT. It helps protect your family from Anopheles. It's an easy way to exterminate all mosquitoes. Lay in a big supply of FLIT... and use it daily!



FLIT kills mosquitoes, ants, moths, flies, bedbugs and other household pests. Be sure it's FLIT. Ask for the yellow container with the black band!

Copyright, 1944, Spruce Incorporated

War Bonds can't buy back a soldier's life but they can save another's.

Mermaid Make-up



ALICE WILSON, 1934

Summer Make-up Adds Beauty and Charm to These Wearers of Brief Cotton Play Clothes. At Right Is Marguerite Chapman, Columbia Star, Who Gets Her Sun-Tan and Exercise in One Stroke.

By URSULA TROW

FROM those who've seen them, I've heard that mermaids are beautiful. But how anyone can be beautiful with fins where legs ought to be is beyond me. However, my informants were speaking of mermaid faces, and there may be room for comparison.

Most human mermaids depend upon a healthy sun tan for their beach and swimming make-up. And that's probably a good idea, because ordinary street make-up doesn't look quite right on the beach. Furthermore, if you're using a sun-tan preparation (as you should) you'll find it almost impossible to keep

make-up on your face at all.

A line of waterproof make-up was perfected several years ago for the Aquacade at the New York World's Fair, but because of war shortages all that remains today of this line is a sturdy mascara.

It Stays On

THERE are, of course, several waterproof make-ups on the market. One of these is a thick beautifying face cream that, when smoothed lightly over the skin, results in a miracle of camouflage, leaving a flower-fresh dewy radiance that lasts and lasts in water or out of it.

Using these plus your favorite rubber and lipstick,

you'll have enough ammunition to challenge any mermaid's facial beauty.

Legs and fins are something else again. Personally, I prefer the former if they're hair-free and neatly groomed. Legs are difficult to tan. It seems they always brown more on one side than the other. If you don't want the arduous task of getting an even tan on your legs, why not buy a tube of leg make-up cream which can be applied easily and evenly in a few minutes? The cream will wear as well in water as any mermaid's fins, and your legs will be infinitely more attractive in or out of the sea.

-the girl he can't forget

-the girl with a Solitaire-lovely complexion

"Goodbye, my dearest," need not be the end of romance. Because memory-pictures of you, unforgettably lovely with a Solitaire complexion, go with him in his heart, *always*. Let him remember:

SAND SUNNING—your complexion as golden-hued as the sun itself. Thanks to Solitaire, your make-up looks NATURAL in the sun. Its LANOLIN-ribbons guard your skin against dryness.

TWO HEARTS IN HARMONY—your complexion as sweet as the song. Thanks to Solitaire, your make-up opens mouth for HOURS. They love and then desire YOUR secret.

IN SIX HEAVENLY HUES • AT ALL TOILETRY COUNTERS 60¢ and 25¢

MAKE MAKE-UP WITH Solitaire

A Campana Product

Amazing new ink keeps pens out of the repair shop!



Solv-x in Parker Quink prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot—ends gumming and clogging, too!

You can make your pen give extra years of faithful service—you can stop most pen troubles before they start—if you switch to Parker Quink, today!

Parker Quink containing solv-x protects all makes of pens in 4 important ways:

1. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.
2. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
3. Dissolves and flushes away the sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.

So don't take chances with that pen of yours. Keep it trouble-free and out of the repair shop by filling it with the protective writing fluid—remarkable Parker Quink. Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying Quink actually costs no more than ordinary inks. Ideal for steel pens, too. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

"MICRO-FILM BLACK" QUINK, the all-purpose black ink. Writes black, stays black. Ideal for V-Mail; photographs perfectly. Quink comes in permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Regular size, 25¢. School size, 15¢. Also in pints and quarts.

Copyright 1944 by The Parker Pen Company

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

PARKER Quink

the only ink containing SOLV-X

More Romantic Skin



with
**MERCOLIZED
WAX CREAM**

Check your skin on these points of beauty: its freshness, whiteness, smoothness, translucence, coloring, youthful appearance. **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM**, by its "different" action, can help you on all these points. It peels invisibly your over-exposed, coarsened, outer skin, revealing your protected skin beneath, that is whiter, softer, feels more silky smooth, and looks younger. Your skin will look fresher, its coloring improved. It helps give your skin that alluring quality of translucence and depth. Start with **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** now. Just follow directions for a more romantic skin.

Startle your skin to fresher loveliness with **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT**. Temporarily contracts loose surface skin, reduces prominence of premature fine lines and wrinkles.

**BUY Sterro
MASON JARS
NOW!**

Two years ago to 70% of all commercially canned food goes to war. BUT today, at all home canning stores, you can find Sterro Mason Jars. Buy them now—and buy them often.

Save Mason Jars—Caps—Lids—Now!

**REMEMBER
Sterro Mason Caps
fit all Mason Jars**

FREE—See How many
1. 1 dozen time tables.
2. 1 dozen time tables.
3. 1 dozen time tables.
4. 1 dozen time tables.
5. 1 dozen time tables.
6. 1 dozen time tables.
7. 1 dozen time tables.
8. 1 dozen time tables.
9. 1 dozen time tables.
10. 1 dozen time tables.

Whittemore's
Mason Jars

**THE Aristocrat of
Shoe Polishes.**



BY
WHITEMORE

HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC



COOLERS and COOKIES

by FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

COOLING drinks with ice a-tinkle in frosty glasses go a long way to make summer living more comfortable. Our old favorites, iced tea, coffee and lemonade—we'll make them by the gallon—but they have a powerful rival this summer in limeade.

This summer the big, green, glossy limes about the size of lemons are available everywhere; these are the "Persian" limes, up from Florida groves, and promised in bigger supplies than ever before for home limeades, rickeys and mixed fruit drinks so much in demand all through the hot weather. Juicy by nature, these pungent, delicious American-grown limes contribute Vitamins A and C and valuable minerals to the diet.

Oranges and lemons in good supply from California and Florida and some canned fruit juices, which require few or no points, are also available.

Miami Mint Julep

- 6 limes
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup finely chopped fresh mint
- 1 quart ginger ale
- Crushed ice, or cubes
- Lime slices
- Mint sprigs

Select firm, dark green limes and squeeze the juice from them. Combine with sugar, mint and crushed ice in a covered shaker. Shake thoroughly until well chilled and the sugar is dissolved. Strain and pour equal amounts over ice in tall glasses. Fill up with iced ginger ale. Garnish with lime or mint. Six glasses.

Frosted

- 3 cups orange juice
- 1/2 cup canned cherry syrup or juice

Helpers

- A good lemon reamer
- A good juice extractor
- A sharp paring knife
- Grater
- Colander or sieve
- Bowl for ice cubes
- Long-handled spoon for stirring
- Straws

- 1 pint Lime Sherbet
- 1 pint carbonated water
- Ripe or canned sweet cherries

Combine the orange juice (fresh or canned) and the cherry syrup. Divide it equally among six tall glasses. Put a large spoonful or a scoop of Lime Sherbet in each glass. Fill up with carbonated water. Stir, garnish with a big ripe cherry, or a canned one. Serve at once. Six servings.

Party Punch

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 pint water
- 6 crushed mint leaves
- 3 cups orange juice
- 1 cup pineapple, grape or berry juice
- 1 cup lime juice
- 1 pint iced tea
- 2 quarts water
- 1 pint ginger ale
- Lime slices
- Mint sprigs

Boil the sugar with the water for five minutes. Add the crushed mint. Cool and strain. Add the fruit juices, tea and water. Just before serving add the ginger ale. Pour over ice in a punch bowl, or into tall glasses filled one-third full with ice. Garnish with thin lime slices or mint. Twenty-four punch glasses; fewer tall glasses.

Florida Limeade

- 3 limes
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 3 cups ice water
- Ice
- Lime slices

Select firm, dark green limes and squeeze the juice from them. Pour an equal amount of juice into six tall glasses. Put one tablespoon of powdered or granulated sugar in each glass. Stir well, until the sugar is dissolved. Add one-half cup ice water to each glass, mixing well. Fill up with ice. Garnish with very thin lime slices. Six glasses.

Orange Ginger Flip

- 2 cups orange juice
 - 1/2 cup lemon juice
 - Sugar to sweeten
 - 1 pint ginger ale
- Combine all, adding the ginger ale last. Serve at once over cracked ice in tall glasses. Six glasses.
- Or use grape or loganberry juice in place of orange.

Frosty
Limeade
and
Crunchy
Cookies
Make
Hot
Days
Cooler.

Try These New Recipes

THESE two cookies are especially good for the summer beverage tray. When cool, store in a covered cookie jar to keep them fresh. The first is a lemon oatmeal cookie:

- 1 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup dark corn syrup
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 1/2 cups quick-cooking oats
- 4 1/2 teaspoons grated lemon rind

Cream the shortening and sugar, add the eggs and beat well. Add the vanilla and the corn syrup and beat thoroughly. Sift the flour with the salt, soda and baking powder three times. Add this alternately with the milk to the creamed mixture. Add the oatmeal and lemon rind, beating well. Drop from a teaspoon onto

a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) twelve minutes. Makes six dozen small cookies.

Nut Drop Cookies

- 2 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup chopped walnut meats
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk

Sift together three times the all-phosphate baking powder and salt; add the nut meats. Cream the shortening thoroughly; gradually add the sugar, creaming well. Add the vanilla and egg. Beat well. Add the flour mixture alternately with the milk, beating smooth after each addition. Drop from a spoon onto a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) about ten minutes. Makes about two and one-half dozen cookies.

A FISH STORY!



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WHITE STAR TUNA
Chicken of the Sea TUNA

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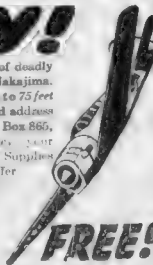
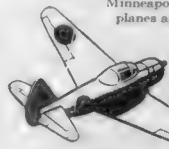


"No planes approaching, Sarge... but boy oh boy, I can hear the cook giving orders for Wheaties for breakfast again."

Build and FLY!

Hurry! Get free easy-to-build, cut-out models of dandy U.S. Grumman Hellcat and sinister Jap Nakajima. Full-color, authentic models that actually fly—up to 75 feet or more when launched by hand. Rush name and address with 2 Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Box 866, Minneapolis, Minn. Send no money. Model planes are free. Send at once! Supplies strictly limited. Offer expires August 15.

U. S. HELICAT
JAP NAKAJIMA



FREE!

WITH 2 WHEATIES BOX TOPS

Increase your share in Victory—buy more War Bonds than before.

For Summer Meals

WHEN meat loaf is made in hot weather, the menu should be designed around it, to take full advantage of the oven. This new ham loaf, baked rice and scalloped tomatoes may be ready for baking early in the day; the vegetables for the salad prepared and put in the refrigerator to chill. At the last minute before serving combine them with Lemon Mayonnaise or Lemon French Dressing.

Easy Menu

Upside Down Orange and Ham Loaf
Baked Rice
Scalloped Tomatoes
Whole Wheat or Enriched Bread Butter
Combination Vegetable Salad
Strawberry Shortcake
Coffee or Tea
Milk for Children

The Ham Loaf

1½ pounds lean pork shoulder, ground
1½ pounds smoked ham, ground
1½ cups milk
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup cracker crumbs, or 1½ cups soft bread crumbs
½ teaspoon pepper
Mix the beaten eggs with the milk, stir into the mixed meats and crumbs, season.
Orange Glaze:
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup melted fat
2 or 3 oranges, peeled and sliced

Spread the sugar and melted fat evenly in a loaf baking pan. Cover with orange slices. Place the ham mixture over the fruit and press down evenly into a loaf. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about one hour. Turn upside down on a hot plate. Eight to ten servings.

Raisin Flake Bars

½ cup shortening
1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons vanilla
1½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped raisins
3 cups wheat flakes
Cream the shortening thoroughly with the sugar. Beat the eggs and add with the vanilla to the first mixture. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt three times. Add to the first mixture. Stir in the raisins or prunes, and wheat flakes. Spread the batter in a greased eight inch square pan. Bake in a hot oven (350 degrees F.) about twenty minutes. Cool. Cut in narrow strips or bars. Sixteen to twenty or more bars.

Idea

WANT a pie crust that is extra crisp and crunchy? Just add one-fourth cup shredded bran to your usual recipe.

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"Keep Cool" Dinner Recipes 25 Almanac Preserver Recipes
"Keep Cool" Desserts and Snacks 25 Almanac Preserver Recipes
Recipes for Successful Parties 25 Almanac Preserver Recipes
They will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp per each. Write name and address plainly.
ALMANAC RECIPE DEPARTMENT
THE AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
300 FIFTH AVENUE
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Easy Summer Patterns



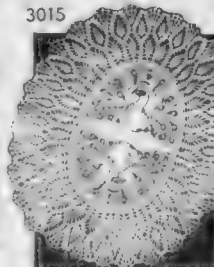
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IT'S
SMOOTHER
CREAMIER

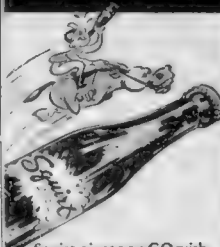
A BLEND
OF THE FINEST
SPICES AND
MUSTARD SEED
MONEY CAN
BUY!

THAT'S WHY
IT'S THE LARGEST
SELLING PREPARED
MUSTARD
IN THE U.S.A.
TODAY!



For a grand spread instead of butter, blend 2 tbsp. French's into 4 tbsp. cream cheese. It blends in perfectly, adds just the right zest!

Squirt
GIVES YOU GO!



Squirt gives you GO with its first quenching trickle. Squirt's your new high in taste thrills for only a nickel. You'll Like Squirt!

SQUIRT GIVES PARTIES EXTRA GO!
America's Favorite Mixer

5¢ BIGGEST SELLING GRAPEFRUIT DRINK IN THE WORLD

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR
and look 10 YEARS YOUNGER!

Now, at home, you can brush away gray hair with a simple, safe, and effective treatment. This treatment is so simple that even a child can use it. It is so effective that it will remove gray hair from the scalp and from the hair on the face. It is so safe that it will not irritate the scalp or the hair. It is so simple that it will not require any special equipment or special instructions. It is so effective that it will remove gray hair from the scalp and from the hair on the face. It is so safe that it will not irritate the scalp or the hair. It is so simple that it will not require any special equipment or special instructions.

YOUR OWN FAULT WHEN LOVELY TEETH LOSE BEAUTY

THAT 1 EXTRA MINUTE A WEEK CAN SAVE!

Only TEEL—among all leading dentifrices—avoids these cavities!

WE: Can that be you taking a back seat?
YOU: Looks that way, doesn't it. I guess he fell for her dazzling smile.

WE: But where's *your* bright smile today? Are you letting it fade?

YOU: Gracious! That sounds like a warning.

WE: It is a warning! Unbiased dental studies show that 8 in 10 adults may risk getting ugly gumline cavities when they brush their teeth.

YOU: But my dentifrice is safe.

WE: You think so? Listen, lady—tests prove that TEEL is the *only* leading dentifrice that protects your teeth from this danger. For TEEL contains no abrasives.

YOU: But I like my present dentifrice—I'm used to it.

WE: You'll lose TEEL! It's delicious! And it sweetens your breath—gives your mouth a nice clean taste that lasts and lasts.

YOU: Umm . . . sounds good—think I'll try it.

WE: Just brush your teeth every day with TEEL; and once a week . . . for about a minute . . . brush with TEEL and plain baking soda. Then you'll know you're safe!

Get TEEL today—at any drug, department or 5 and 10¢ store. Follow the simple directions on the package.

8 IN 10 YOU MAY
BE RISKING THESE
CAVITIES!

See that cavity in the tooth above? It's **NOT** decay or erosion! That cavity was caused by daily scouring. Dental clinic studies have shown that over half of all adults examined had these cavities—and more than 8 in 10 risked getting them—cavities ground into the softer tooth structure exposed by receding gums.

OUT—extensive laboratory tests show this: TEETH CLEANED WITH TEEL ARE PROTECTED FROM SUCH CAVITIES . . . BECAUSE TEEL CONTAINS NO SCOURING ABRASIVES. MOROVER, TEEL IS THE ONLY LEADING DENTIFRICE THAT GIVES YOU THIS PROTECTION.



HERE'S ALL YOU DO

1. Brush your teeth every day—thoroughly with TEEL. A few drops on dry or moistened brush. Feel it clean! THIS CLEANS AND BRIGHTENS TEETH—SAFELY
2. Once a week brush teeth with plain baking soda on end brush. Brush at least an extra minute.



Teel protects teeth—
LIQUID DENTIFRICE

Beautifully!

There's beauty in every drop!

Care of Equipment

By ELEANOR MERRITT

A GOOD base to set the automatic electric iron on, while you are ironing, and between ironing days, is a great help, for it keeps the iron from slipping and falling, or burning anything.

Have the cord the right length. If there are any worn places in it, better replace it. Worn cords can cause trouble, a short circuit or even a fire. Do not let the hot iron touch the cord or run over it at any time.

Follow Directions

BE sure to follow the heat control directions on the iron for the kind of fabric being ironed. Keep the bottom of the electric iron smooth and bright. You can remove starch stains by using a gentle powder or silver polish. Never run over buttons or rough objects, for they scratch the bottom of the iron. Wait until the iron cools before you disconnect the cord. Wipe it off before putting it away.

The Ironer

KEEP the muslin cover dry and clean on the electric ironer. A soiled cover is apt to take the starch away from clean clothes when they are damp. When replacing the cover with a fresh one brush up the felt underneath before putting on the clean one.

If the ironer shoe does not shine, or has starch stains on it, use a mild powder or silver polish to bring back the original smoothness.

When you have finished using your electric ironer, turn the motor off and disconnect the cord. Protect your ironer from dust and dampness when it is not in use by having a cover to blow over it. And obey the manufacturer's advice about temperatures and general handling of the

ironer with its every use.

Prevent trouble and save your washing machine by having it inspected by the manufacturer's serviceman once a year. In week-to-week use follow carefully the instructions that come with it.

The Washing Machine

DRRAIN the electric washer after you finish using it, then rinse it out. Dry the inside carefully and let it air by leaving the top up a little, or leaving the door open. Clean and dry the suction cups both inside and out. Be extra careful of the wringer rolls. Loosen the pressure on the rubber after use, wipe them with a clean damp cloth, then dry them.

Keep It Clean

CLEAN out the lint trap on the automatic electric washer after you have drained the machine. If your washer is kept in a cool or cold room, fill it with hot water to soften the oil or grease in the machinery before you start the motor. This will help to prevent motor trouble.

Do not overload the washer. Follow instructions as to how much it is supposed to carry. Overloading can cause poor washing action or mechanical trouble.

Wipe the outside of the washer after each use. Be sure your hands are dry before you wipe and coil the cord. Never let the cord lie on a damp floor. Cover the washer when not in use.

Did you miss the picnic supply and menu lists? Good menus, and a list of the accessories that make picnics easy and fun. Send a stamped, addressed envelope to Household Almanac, The American Weekly, 235 East 45th Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

NAZI-JAP ERASER

For free labels in patriotic colors to paste on fat saving containers send a stamped, addressed envelope to the Household Almanac, American Weekly, 235 East 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y.



Bye Bye BLACKHEADS!

Blackheads often result from improper cleansing. That's why a massage cream is often recommended as a more effective way to clean your skin. Here's how easy it is:

Spread on a little Pompeian Rolling Massage Cream. Massage vigorously. That clean-looking pink cream rolls off an oily dirt-grey. It removes the surface accumulation of oily dirt from pore orifices, and aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads and similar skin blemishes... leaving your skin glowing with life and color... radiant.

A Pompeian Massage costs less than 2c a treatment. At your favorite drug, 5 and 10c or department store.

POMPEIAN
ROLLING MASSAGE CREAM



War Bonds pave roads to victory.

... I got Red Heart Dog Biscuits—for good looks and health! They give teeth a grand workout, too!

Your grocer has Red Heart Dog Biscuits—beef-shaped or kidney—11-oz. cans and 2-lb. bags. John Morrell & Co., General Offices, Ottumwa, Iowa.



DOG BISCUITS



Everybody's whistling this —



HAP-PY LIT-TLE WASH-DAY SONG



RIN-SO WHITE

Folks, meet Oscar "Spike" Roschen, age 7. He goes to the Henry Barnard School in New Rochelle, and is handy at baseball and loves bedsmitten.

With a tough commando like you — I'm lucky to have Rinso. Its soapy-rich suds **GET OUT MORE DIRT**

WELL, "SPIKE", I'M GOING TO WHISTLE **RIN-SO WHITE**. TOO! JUST LOOK AT THIS GLEAMING WHITE SHIRT

IT SURE IS WHITER'N SNOW!



ISN'T THIS THE PRINT DRESS YOU BOUGHT LAST SUMMER... IT'S STILL SO BRIGHT

YES, INDEED, YOU SEE I'VE NEVER WASHED IT IN ANYTHING BUT RIN-SO... IT'S SO SAFE FOR ALL WASHABLE COLORS



"These days I protect my valuable washer by keeping it clean and following oiling directions. And I use Rinso, the only soap recommended by the makers of 33 leading washers. I find Rinso is marvelous for dishes, too—loosens grease fast. And Rinso is so kind to hands."



A VOID SOAP WASTE

"He must have Athlete's Foot"

... He doesn't take us
walking any more"



What Athlete's Foot is



Athlete's Foot is a skin infection caused by micro-organisms which thrive in the presence of dead skin and excessive perspiration between your toes. It produces a severe irritation often followed by splitting of the skin which allows the organisms to attack the open flesh and delicate nerve endings.

How you may get it



The micro-organisms which cause Athlete's Foot are carried through the air—are present on most feet at one time or another. They are also found on bath mats, in swimming pools, on floors and floor coverings. Thus you see it's almost impossible for you to avoid the risk of exposure to Athlete's Foot.



How you can tell if you have it

Before you go to bed tonight, look between your toes. Spread them apart carefully. Is the skin moist and cracked, tender and inflamed? Is itching present? Such symptoms are usually an indication that your feet have been infected with Athlete's Foot. It's time for you to get busy.

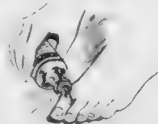


What you can do about it

Drench the cracked skin between your toes with Absorbine Jr. full strength—just as it comes from the bottle. Do this night and morning and repeat daily. Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Dis-

infect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

How Absorbine Jr. helps



1. Absorbine Jr. kills, on contact, the micro-organisms which cause Athlete's Foot!
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot organisms thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal broken tissues.
5. It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

At all drugstores, \$1.25 a bottle.
W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

SEND FOR YOUR **FREE**
SAMPLE BOTTLE OF
ABSORBINE Jr.



Don't let Athlete's Foot catch you unprepared. Fill in coupon and mail it today. You will receive a free sample bottle so you can test Absorbine Jr. yourself. Famous for relieving Athlete's Foot, muscular aches, strains and bruises. Used full strength, it is an effective antiseptic. Mail coupon to:

W. F. YOUNG, INC., 397-A Lyman St., Springfield 3, Mass.

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Address _____
City _____ State _____

Would a Women's Jury Convict Noxon?

By Katherine Donovan

A BERKSHIRE COUNTY jury of 12 men—11 of them married and fathers of children—brought in a verdict in Pittsfield Thursday which not only shocked and stunned a large section of the community, but which shattered a Massachusetts precedent by condemning to death a man who, if he killed, could have killed only in mercy.

The verdict was first degree murder, and it condemned to the electric chair John F. Noxon, Jr., wealthy and brilliant corporation lawyer of distinguished and respected family. The evidence was circumstantial.

The jury believed Noxon had electrocuted his 6-month son, who was fated for life to be a helpless mongoloid idiot; doomed for a presumably brief span of years to be a physical and mental defective, an economic and social burden, a pitiful freak of nature bereft of normal instinct and deprived of normal happiness.

The jury found Noxon guilty of first degree murder, thus placing the death of the abnormal, tragically blighted little baby on the level of that of a normal child or adult, who might be the victim of murder for greed, for lust, for revenge, out of savage cruelty or out of any other dark passion of a perverted and criminal killer.

The jury believed that Noxon had killed a baby doomed to a living death, and that therefore, as the Massachusetts statute reads, Noxon should die.

MANY PEOPLE in the Berkshire communities fully share the jury's conviction that Noxon killed his baby. But they are staggered and grieved by a verdict which they consider an injustice to a man who, they believe, took his baby's life only to prevent suffering, and killed only in a spirit of mercy.

Not that Noxon himself, for one moment, has admitted a "mercy killing." On the contrary, he has steadfastly and consistently claimed that he did not and could not take the life of his child; that the child was dear to him, and that he would have cherished it and loved it as he did his older normal son, John.

To police, to state and county authorities and on the witness stand, Noxon has repeatedly insisted that he is guiltless in his child's death—that it was a tragic accident. Even last Friday, standing in the courtroom to receive his death sentence, he said emphatically:

"I want to repeat again what I said on the witness stand. I did not kill my son. I am innocent of this terrible charge."

And immediately his attorneys launched a new battle for his freedom, still on the grounds, not that their client killed in an impulse of mercy and pity, but that he did not kill at all—that he is an innocent man.

DESPITE Noxon's protestation of innocence—and he gambled for life and death, and lost, on that protestation—many people, including friends and acquaintances, still believe he took his baby's life. And, it must be noted, the jury by its verdict has found it to be a fact that he did kill the baby.

During the two long, wearying trials which Noxon has

Continued on Page 12

In all the history of mercy killings in America, a search of records has revealed no defendant who paid the death penalty.

Thus if John Noxon goes to the electric chair, he will be the first to pay the death penalty.

In the following pages, the Boston Sunday Advertiser traces the history of many famous "mercy death" cases, including one in which the presiding justice suspended sentence, freeing the defendant, and others in which special grounds for leniency were recognized.



Mrs. John F. Noxon, Jr.



CONVICTED MURDERER of his mongoloid son, crippled John F. Noxon, Jr., hobbles from Pittsfield Courthouse, each step possibly another step toward death chair. At left, a mongoloid baby, one of Nature's cruellest perversions. Is this the vision of helplessness and helplessness that haunts and harras Noxon in his hour of trial?

PICTORIAL
REVIEW
BY
SUNDAY ADVERTISER
JULY 9, 1944

Jury of 5 Women, 7 Men Free Father in Mercy Death

THE other children used to call him "Dopey."

He weighed 170 pounds, and was 16 years old. But he had the brain of a 2-year-old infant.

With little or no control of his cumbersome bulk, he was the butt of other, normal children's crude ridicule as he tumbled about, vainly seeking to play as the others did. Once, in falling, he knocked out most of his front teeth.

This strange, subnormal, grotesque and pathetic figure was Jerome Greenfield, only child of Louis and Anna Greenfield.

Greenfield, part owner of a New York millinery firm, and his wife had done everything humanly possible for the boy.

They had sent him to a neurological institute, and from the age of 10 until he was 14 he had attended a class for mentally defective children. But there came a time when he was withdrawn from the school, with little possibility of cure remaining, and the father apparently abandoned hope.

He had often thought, subsequent developments made it plain, that it would be better for Jerry if he were dead. Perhaps there would come a day when he would cease to be a nuisance.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1938, Greenfield walked into a drug store near his home and asked for a small amount of chloroform. For some reason, perhaps instinctive; perhaps founded on definite belief, the clerk refused to sell it.

But two months later, at a store in Trenton, N. J., Greenfield bought three ounces and took it home.

On the morning of Jan. 12, 1939, Greenfield arose early after a restless night. At about 9 a. m., he asked his wife to go to the millinery shop on West 38th st. to help his partner, Edward Reinstein. She complied, with no thought of what was in her husband's mind.

Between 10 and 11 a. m. Jerry suffered one of the epileptic attacks to which he had been subject. If Greenfield had had any inclination as to what to do, his mind was now made up.

Once Jerry had fallen off to sleep after the attack, Greenfield emptied the contents of the three-ounce chloroform bottle on two newly laundered handkerchiefs.

He placed them over the boy's nose and mouth. He left them there for 15 minutes. Then, for the next hour, he paced the apartment.

AT 12:30 he summoned the doorman of the apartment house and told what he had done. Within a matter of a scant few minutes, police were there, and with them an emergency squad.

"I hope you don't revive him," Greenfield told them calmly, as they rushed the work by applying restoratives. "He's better off dead."

And he was dead.

Presently word came to Mrs. Greenfield, who had known nothing of her husband's intentions.

Going staunchly to his support, the wife declared:

"I feel he did the right thing. We did every thing for our son."

"Nobody knows how helpless he was. We had to do everything for him—things that one does for babies."

"One of us had to sleep with him every night. He had fits—terrible convulsions—and my husband couldn't stand his suffering."

"We wanted other children. But we were afraid to have them—afraid that they might be affected the same way—and our lives have not been what they might have been."

LATER SHE explained further.

"It's been a living hell. I've fought every inch of the way for 16 years. We tried every-

thing. When our son was five, we put him in an institution—bought the money."

"He grieved so much he lost 20 pounds, and the doctors told us to take him home after four months."

"When he was 7 we tried to get him in an ungraded class in school, but his I.Q. was too low even for that. At 8 we tried again and they wouldn't take him."

"We tried radium treatments and X-ray. We spent \$10 a week for treatments, and my husband was making only \$25 a week. We took out insurance on our lives in his favor. Then we had to spend the premiums for his treatments and the insurance lapsed."

"He wanted to play with other children and we couldn't let him—he was so clumsy. He would fall on others smaller than he, and once he fell down and knocked out his teeth."

"And then other children tormented him—called him 'Dopey'."

WITH THESE facts thus plainly set forth, the age-old controversy over euthanasia—the more technical term for mercy killing among humans—reached a new pitch.

Physicians and psychiatrists severely condemned Greenfield and all others who tended to favor deliberate killing of the "mercy" variety. Said Dr. M. Mortimer Sherman, Brooklyn psychiatrist:

"It might have been a good



During trial for the chloroform death of his 16-year-old son, Louis Greenfield broke down completely. Defense Attorney Samuel Liebowitz is beside him.

deal better if the father had committed suicide, instead of putting the boy to death. So long as there is a possibility that even a remote chance for the patient's recovery exists, in view of the great strides medi-

cine has made and is making, mercy killings should not occur."

And this opinion from Dr. Frederick S. Anderson, former president of the New York State Medical Society:

"Perhaps in this case, the boy

was not as his father apparently believed an incurable imbecile. The boy's father should never have put him to sleep, because the decision to let him live or die was not his to decide. I am and have always been firmly opposed to so-called mercy killings."

Said Dr. A. A. Brill, psychiatrist: "Under no circumstances should one man kill another. How did the father know his son was incurable? It is wrong to kill under any circumstances, but it makes life cheap when one man has the right to decree another man must die."

WHILE THE controversy blazed, with plenty of sympathy being evidenced for father of the mal-developed child, Dist. Atty. Samuel J. Foley declared flatly that no leniency would be shown the defendant, and that the prosecutor would demand the first degree murder indictment which is a first step toward the electric chair.

But on Jan. 17, five days after the death of unhappy, afflicted Jerry Greenfield, the grand jury refused to consider the first degree indictment which would have made the father a candidate for Sing Sing's death house and execution chamber.

The grand jury, instead, returned an indictment of first degree manslaughter.

To this action Greenfield responded.

"I am glad. I feel I killed someone who had never even lived."

"He had no place in the world. And he had to go before his mother and myself."

BY THIS time police who had been maintaining a 24-hour-a-day "suicide" guard over Greenfield decided there was no need of such special precautions.

"I feel more at rest than at any time in 17 years," he said. "I did the right thing."

Greenfield went to trial on May 1 on the less potent manslaughter charge, defended by the celebrated attorney, Samuel S. Liebowitz.

His defense:

That God had urged him to kill his son.

In his charge to the jury, Judge Lester W. Patterson instructed:

"If you find that the defendant suffered from the insane delusions that God appeared to him and urged him to commit this crime, it cannot be said that he knew right from wrong, and you must acquit him."

Whether adhering strictly to the court's instructions or not, the jury required little time in reaching its decision.

After four hours deliberations, the five women and seven men who comprised the jury, returned a verdict of acquittal.



Louis Greenfield (right) walked from Bronx court a free man after being acquitted of charges in the death of his afflicted son, Jerome. With him are his wife and attorney, Samuel Liebowitz. Mrs. Greenfield is shown in close-up photo (right).



New York Man Freed of Killing Incurable Son

FOR 13 years since his birth, little Raymond Repouille, son of a New York hospital elevator operator, had been deaf, dumb, blind and crippled.

For 13 years his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Repouille, had done what they could for the helpless child.

Once they spent \$300, when Raymond was 8 years old, in an effort to cure his ailments and have him become like other youngsters in the neighborhood. It was no use.

On Oct. 12, 1939, the distraught father soaked a rag in chloroform, placed it over Raymond's mouth and nose and after a time called in the police.

"He was just like dead all the time," Repouille told detectives. "He couldn't see or talk or walk."

That was the first chapter of one of the nation's outstanding "mercy" killings—saddest of all criminal case histories—written in New York, developing a spontaneous, nation-wide controversy over the moot question: What should be the punishment in circumstances where mercy was the motive?

THERE WAS no question as to the facts in the death of the Repouille child. The father told frankly what he had done and why.

"I thought," he told a jury some two years later, "that if the child could have talked, he would have asked me to do it."

"I did all I could for the child. I had a special chair made for him. The child groaned day and night, and there were bed sores on him. I slept in a bed next to him and kept him covered."

Even once before, the father revealed, he had decided to take the child's life to end his misery. "About four years before 1939," Repouille disclosed, "I turned on the gas in the kitchen range, and had a gas tube running to the bathroom, where I had placed the boy in a chair. 'But someone smelled the gas and came in.'"

That ended the earlier attempt to end little Raymond's life of useless suffering.

But it had not ended Repouille's thoughts of "mercy" killing.

"I had thought of it thousands of times," he said.

REPOUILLE told in detail of the long years of hopeless caring for the helpless child, and re-enacted the "execution."

"There was only one thing he could do—smile. 'That wasn't enough. I am not sorry for what I did. I was going crazy thinking about him.' So he took the day off from his work of operating an elevator at the Presbyterian Medical Center, sent his other four children to the movies, dressed Raymond carefully, placed him in a crib, and applied the chloroform."

"I had brought the chloroform from the medical center," he explained, "and I soaked a cloth with it and put it over his face. He didn't suffer. He just went to sleep."

There was no lack of sympathy from the machinery of justice, when Repouille was taken before the courts. Murder bail is seldom permitted, but in his case, a nominal amount—\$3000—was fixed for the father. And two months and two years later, when Repouille finally went to trial, a jury found him guilty only of manslaughter.

JUDGE JONAH J. GOLDSTEIN went to considerable length, before announcing disposition of the case, in the matter of what the public has come to term "mercy" slayings.

"This type of killing," the court asserted, "has become associated in the public mind with the thought that on certain occasions it is an act of mercy."

"The words 'mercy killing' have no sanction in our law."

"The fact that you are the father of an imbecile," he continued, directing his remarks to



Louis Repouille, who confessed killing his blind, imbecile son, is shown above as he rejoined his family after he was set free.

Repouille, "did not give you the right to kill him."

"There is a grave danger that leniency extended to you may encourage others to do what you did. I have taken into consideration that, no matter what punishment I might impose, you will have the burden of remembering for the rest of your life that you killed your own child."

Then, explaining he had taken into consideration that the father's earnings were sorely needed for the support of his family, the court pronounced the words which liberated the defendant.

Judge Goldstein imposed a suspended sentence of five to 10 years, and Repouille went back to his family, a free man.

THE PATHETIC case of little Raymond Repouille had a curious immediate aftermath.

Three days after Raymond's death, Lawrence Rougeau, 25, unemployed New York soda clerk, walked up to a policeman and announced:

"I have drowned my boy."

The boy was five-year-old James Fitzpatrick, Rougeau's stepson.

He had read, Rougeau said, of the mercy killing of the Repouille boy, and, convinced that James was becoming insane, and decided to "put him out of his misery."

On the morning of Oct. 13, 1939, while the boy's mother was absent from their East 12th st. home, James moaned in his sleep, as he frequently did.

Rougeau bound the infant's hands and feet, gagged him with neckties to stifle any outcry, placed him in the filled bathtub, and left him there for an estimated five minutes.

Then he let the water drain, walked out of the apartment, found a policeman and surrendered.

ROUGEAU's story of having killed for mercy's sake did not have the same convincing

ring as did that of Repouille. Rougeau insisted he had feared the child might "turn out to be like his mother," who had been confined for a time in a state hospital.

But Asst. Dist. Atty. Sarafite told a presiding judge that the slaying was "cold-blooded, deliberate and in no sense an act of mercy," and a New York grand jury which accepted Rougeau's explanation with strong reservations indicted him for first degree murder.

Five months later a trial jury saved Rougeau from the electric chair with a verdict of second degree murder, and he was sentenced to 20 years to life.

The trial did bring out, undoubtedly, that Rougeau's appraisal of his wife's sanity was accurate. At the time of sentence, she was again a patient in an institution for mental defectives.

Colorado Mercy Murder Rocked the Nation

FOR 32 hopeless, maddening years, Dr. Harold Elmer Blazer, country physician at Littleton, Colorado, cared for his legless, armless and helpless imbecile daughter, Hazel.

Then, on Feb. 24, 1925, thoroughly discouraged by the hopelessness of existence for the grotesque, deformed "child woman," he applied chloroform until she was dead.

And thereby was precipitated a controversy which rocked the nation, divided households, and aroused the clergy, laity, medical experts, legal men and others in conflicting argument and expressions of opinion, and even brought heated comment on the subject from members of Congress.

Dr. Blazer, who had expected to commit suicide but failed in the attempt, went on trial for first degree murder.

It is likely that never before or since have there been extenuating circumstances to match those which the ageing physician had faced.

THE testimony of his own daughter—sister of the admittedly monstrous human who was object of the mercy killing

—was of special significance.

She was Mrs. Francis Bishop of Hazel. While jurors wiped their eyes, Mrs. Bishop testified:

"She was utterly helpless. Her body was terribly twisted. She couldn't walk, couldn't feed herself, and was not even able to brush a fly from her face."

"The noises she made were animal-like, and frightened strangers. The sight of her eating was so revolting I couldn't stand to watch her."

"For 32 years father poured on her the utmost devotion, love and care. He lived for her wholly. His worry over her and care for her I believe, unbalanced his mind and caused him to have spells which came on him often after mother died."

"He became morose and gloomy. Her only amusement—I suppose it was amusement for her—was to lie on the floor and crackle a piece of paper, the only object she could grasp, against her body or on the surface of the floor."

WHETHER it was needed or not, Atty. Lewis D. Mowry, offered a curious defense.

Hazel Blazer, declared Mowry, was only by courtesy called a woman. "There was no soul in that human husk," he asserted, continuing:

"There was no wrong in the old physician's chloroforming of that throbbing, pulsating, 90-pound chunk of human meat, any more than there is wrong in the act of a veterinarian in chloroforming a hopelessly crippled dog."

"It was not an immoral act. It was, at worst, immoral. There was no violation of either the law of God or man in putting that monstrously out of its existence—and that is our defense."

THE JURY, in final instructions from Judge Samuel Johnson, was told that it must find Dr. Blazer guilty of murder in the first degree, or acquit him. It did neither.

After being out for many hours, it reported a disagreement and Prosecutor Joel Stone then moved:

"Although I believe that the evidence introduced in this trial showed that a murder had been committed, the defendant was given a fair trial, and I believe it would be impossible to find a jury that would arrive at any other verdict."

"In fairness to the defendant and to the State, I ask leave to dismiss the charge against Dr. Blazer."

IN RELEASING the aged physician, Judge Johnson commented:

"After hearing the case, I believe there was a reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the defendant."

"I now think that a happy compromise has been reached in this case. But had I known how close the jury was to a verdict, I would not have ordered it dismissed."

The jury, it was disclosed, had been deadlocked, 11 to 1, for an acquittal.

Other nations, too, have had their outstanding, controversial mercy killings.

IN MANCHESTER, England, in 1931, Mrs. May Brownhill, 62, administered 100 sedative tablets to the imbecile son for whom she had cared for 39 years.

A jury found her guilty, but recommended mercy, after which the presiding magistrate commented: "The time may come when the law of this country will permit an imbecile or an idiot to be sent to a merciful death."

Then the Home Secretary, whose authority permits the granting of reprieves from death sentences and the determination of prison terms, ordered her freed.

In another dramatic case, which even caused a juror to break down, youthful Richard

Corbett was acquitted at Dragunham, France in November, 1929, of murdering his invalid mother in May of that year.

"I admit I killed my mother," Corbett calmly told the judges and jury. "I knew what I was doing and I do not regret the act." Turning directly to the jury he continued:

"GENTLEMEN, my mother was suffering tortures. The doctors agreed she could not recover. I feel that though I broke the law, I did right. I'm willing to pay any penalty you think just."

"My action would not have been necessary if the State would pass a law enabling doctors to end the suffering of incurables."

The public prosecutor himself, asking only for a five-year sentence, said:

"I am not asking excessive punishment, but this startling case develops the tremendously vital question of whether society can permit one human being to take the life of another and remain unpunished."

"Your verdict will echo around the world. The State must contend that there is no right to kill."

Came then the acquittal.

SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW
BOSTON, SUNDAY, JULY 9, 1944—Page 3

Mother Saved From Chair by Second Trial

IT WAS a quiet night at police headquarters in Newburgh, N. Y., when on August 20, 1936, a young woman walked up to the desk with a baby in her arms.

"I have a dead baby here," she said. "He's my baby. I murdered him. I walked down to Medina creek and I drowned him. Now you can have him."

Shocked and shaken, Sgt. John Powell asked:

"Why did you do this?"

"Because I can't afford to keep him," the girl replied. "Fatter than let him starve, I murdered him. He's better off dead. Death is kind."

This was Dorothy Sherwood, the young widow who was later to be convicted of first degree murder, sentenced to the electric chair and saved from it when the citizens of the community petitioned for a new trial for her.

The story that was unfolded to the witness stand was one of child poverty, a miserable life of a mother who had broken down to pursue certain uncertainties.

WHEN THE pale, 27-year-old widow gave herself up to the police, she had no tears in her eyes. Her voice didn't quaver. She showed no emotion whatever. Her spirit was so battered that it was numb.

On the night before, she had gone back to her furnished room after a fruitless hunt for work, to find the landlady waiting for her. She and her 2-year-old Jimmy, \$30 behind in the room rent, must get out, the landlady said.

Within the past week, she had realized that the man she loved, a man who had promised to make a home for her and her little boy, had lied when he told her he was divorcing his wife and had a home waiting for her in California. He had been the only man who was kind to her since her husband, who had died of tuberculosis after a long illness four months ago.

She had sat up all night by the baby's crib, going over in her mind the details of her own life in which there was only one brief period of happiness.

Born in the slums of St. Louis, she reared in orphanages and Salvation Army homes. She sometimes dragged around the country and left to shift for herself by her father, who was married six times, and whom she hadn't seen since she was 14. Finally getting a job in a burlesque show—that was her last and best—she was in a burlesque, in which she never got any further than the back row of the chorus, she met Fred Sherwood, an electrician with the show. Fred was a gentle, kind boy. He took her to lunch, chatted with her between the long rehearsals and saw her home to the cheap boarding houses on the road.

They were married on the stage of the burlesque house, with the canny management profiting thereby. The audience howled and clapped, but Dorothy was too happy to mind even the jokes.

Wistfully, telling of her life, she said:

"I guess the management was pretty cheap about it. They made me pay for my own wedding dress. I made it myself. But they dressed up the chorus girls like real brides."

maids and they paid the minister. Except for the audience, it was a lovely wedding. I didn't mind the audience, really. It was the first big hand I ever got on the stage."

For a few years Dorothy and Fred were happy. They had a little girl, and Fred was making \$35 dollars a week. Then he began to suffer with rheumatism, and was out sick so much he was laid off. When the second baby was born, Fred was in a sanatorium, a victim of tuberculosis. Dorothy worked as a waitress to support herself and the new baby. The little girl had been sent to his mother, who had a tiny pension.

FOR YEARS she had known nothing but poverty and struggle, trying to meet doctors' bills to support a sick husband and herself. Now she had given up her job as a waitress on the promise of a man who told her he had their tickets bought for California. She had no money.

Thus she mused as she sat by her baby's bed. Into her mind kept coming something she had read a few days before, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, a suicide in California, had left a note pleading for euthanasia (mercy killings) for hopeless sufferers.

"The time is approaching when we shall consider it abhorrent to our civilization to allow a human being to lie in prolonged agony which we should mercifully end in any other creature," the note said.

Dorothy knew her child was not a hopeless sufferer. Still, she made up her mind that he would not go through a life like her own.

"I could never give him a chance," she said. "I never had any advantage of education or training. I realized I was not fit to be a good mother to him. I didn't want to see him grow up to be a nobody. I loved him too much."

The jury listened with somber faces to the evidence on both sides. They heard the defense plead that this girl had never had a decent chance in life, that she was mentally deranged by her troubles.

THEY HEARD the prosecution maintain that she had deliberately murdered her child because she didn't want the responsibility of his care.

The jury heard Dorothy tell her story, emotionless as a sleepwalker. They knew that two days after she had given herself up she had attempted suicide in her cell and had begged guards to let her die.

I dressed him all up in clean clothes and put him in his perambulator," she said. "He was always so happy to go for a ride. I bought him an ice-cream cone and then wheeled him to the brook."

"I took off his shoes and stockings. He loved to go wading, and he laughed and played. We walked out into the deeper water. Jimmy wasn't afraid. I hesitated, then I knew I had to do it. I pushed his curly head down and held it under the water."

The jury was out for some hours when they sent a message back to the judge to ask if the court allowed a recommendation of mercy. The court said, "Of course it does."

Meanwhile, public sentiment ran high, but no one believed it would be a death sentence. Most people were willing to bet on an acquittal.

WHEN THE jury brought in a verdict of "guilty in the first degree," even the judge was visibly shocked. He then explained that since that verdict earned a mandatory sentence of death by electrocution, the recommendation was an empty one. Still no juror raised his voice. The only mercy now, the judge told them was in the hands of the Governor.

"The sentence is mandatory and I have no option but to turn you over to an agent from Sing Sing, to be put to death during the week of March 16," said Judge John J. D. Wilson. Mrs. Sherwood, who had burst into low sobs when the jury returned their verdict, heard the judge's sentence calmly.

But after Dorothy had been taken to the death house, a rumble of protest started among the citizens who had followed the trial. They felt that the jury had, in recommending mercy, not intended that she should be put to death.

Public sympathy for her was heightened at that time by the fact that her death-house cellmate, another convicted murderer, was Mrs. Frances Creighton. The latter was convicted of an arsenic murder. In company with her lover, she had poisoned his wife. She had also been suspiciously close to other arsenic deaths, but nothing had been proved.

"There are murders and murders," argued many law-abiding men and women. "Dorothy Sherwood was a victim of circumstances. She killed her child because she loved him. Is she to meet the same punishment as a Borgia who killed for her own selfish happiness and for profit?" (Mrs. Creighton later went to the chair.)

SO A PETITION was circulated, and for five long months Dorothy paced the cell of the death-house, her execution postponed while the appeals were pending. In July, 1936, she was granted a new trial, and in September she again took the stand in her own defense.

Meanwhile, sympathizers who had worked in her behalf grew more hopeful as they recalled the case of James Stenhouse, a World War veteran, who was vindicated for chloroforming his imbecile son, Oscar, in Millersburg, Ohio. They spoke, also, of John Stephens, of a prominent Georgia family, who had been freed by a jury after slaying, at her request, his aged, cancer-ridden aunt.

Another case came up just at this time, in England, which brought renewed interest to the Sherwood case. It was that of a poverty-stricken young mother who had strangled her infant son rather than see him hungry. She had been sentenced to death, and the Home Secretary had reviewed the sentence.

So it was not surprising when Dorothy pleaded guilty to manslaughter in her second trial. She was sentenced to six to 15 years in Bedford prison, one year of which she had already served.

Three years later, in 1939, she was given "controlled freedom." That is, she was given in charge of Brigadier Agnes McKeirnan of the Salvation Army to make a fresh start. She was to have her 11-year-old daughter with her, to have a job and a home, and above all to have peace of mind in the new religious fervor she had found in prison.



Two-year-old Jimmy Sherwood was killed to escape a life of poverty and suffering.



Mrs. Dorothy Sherwood, mercy killer of her infant son, was sentenced to die but was later released after serving a prison term.



Mrs. Sherwood behind jail bars at Sing Sing Prison from which she was later released

Mercy Death Cases Which Puzzled Boston Courts

MORE than once in the past two decades has the controversial problem of the mercy death—justified or not justified?—arisen in Greater Boston.

In one such case, Robert Bruce Jonah, 19-year-old Newtonville schoolboy athlete, put to death his foster-mother "because she had an incurable disease," and then killed his foster-father "because he wouldn't want to live without her."

In another Greater Boston mercy slaying, Dr. Townley Thorndike French, 57-year-old poverty-stricken Harvard Medical School graduate, shot and killed his wife because he couldn't bear to see her suffer in want and deprivation any longer.

Curiously enough, both these outstanding eastern Massachusetts cases occurred in 1932.

Robert Bruce Jonah had been adopted by Charles A. and Amanda E. Jonah, at the age of two years. They were a devoted threesome, living on Linwood ave., Newtonville.

When Mrs. Jonah became seriously ill, with the prospect of a stay in a hospital, Robert left Newton High School to remain at home at the tasks which his foster-mother was no longer able to handle, and as her nurse. In doing so, he abandoned a high school career which was marked with no particular brilliance as to studies, but which had brought him prominence and many a medal for athletic achievement.

THEN, in December, he learned that the condition of Mrs. Jonah was far more serious than he had suspected. It was cancer. Facing her were, in all likelihood, years of suffering, with no hope for relief save that which death would ultimately bring.

Early on the morning of Dec. 15 Robert, unquestionably in a high state of mental disturbance over what he was planning, armed himself with a miscellaneous collection of weapons. They included a hammer and a razor.

He stole to the bedroom where Mr. and Mrs. Jonah were sleeping.

Here is Robert Jonah's own story of what transpired:

"My uncle William told me two days ago that my mother had intestinal cancer and could not live long. She was suffering terribly. I could not stand it any longer.

"So I decided to do away with her—put her out of her misery. Last night I went to bed early so I could get up at 4 this morning. It was just about 4 when I woke up.

"I tip-toed into my mother's room. I found her sleeping. My father was asleep, too. I decided to get rid of him, too. He would be no good without her

It would be useless for him to go on living.

"I struck him first with a hammer. Then I struck my mother. Then I used a razor on them.

"I intended to have her die when I went into her room. I could not stand to see her suffering without any chance of being cured.

"I know I didn't have to attack my father, but I felt she meant so much to him he would not be able to go on living without her.

"He struggled for a time, but my blows overpowered him."



Bedroom (arrow) of the Jonah home in Newtonville where the double tragedy occurred on a cold December morning.



Robert Bruce Jonah, adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Jonah, being taken from ambulance following double mercy killing.

The doctor was a virtual cripple from a hip fracture which had never fully mended. He had never developed a practice. His wife had worked as an elevator operator, but lost the job. Their room rent was \$50 in arrears.

On Sept. 7, 1932, Dr. French limped into the Lagrange st. police station and announced to Lt. Charles W. Miller.

"I have shot my wife," Later, in an amplified account of their economic difficulties and the shooting, Dr. French explained.

"I killed her because I was tired of seeing her live in abject poverty. My first plan was to kill myself. But I thought if I did that she would be left alone to fight the battle. She was out of work and I, being a cripple, couldn't support her. So I decided suddenly, Labor Day morning, to shoot her as she slept. I felt she would be taken care of that way, and the State would take care of me for what time I have yet to live."

IF THE Suffolk County grand jury had any thought of indicting the physician, former member of the state board of health, for first degree murder, it abandoned the idea.

A second degree murder indictment was handed up within a few weeks after the killing.

But this was reduced to manslaughter in December, when French was arraigned and pleaded guilty.

Asst. Dist. Atty. Daniel J. Gillen asked for the maximum manslaughter penalty of 20 years, but Judge Joseph Walsh decided in favor of a 15 to 20 years' sentence, with the defendant eligible for parole after 10 years, observing that Dr. French was insistent that the taking of his wife's life was an act of mercy.



Mrs. Amanda E. Jonah, whose slayer said he killed her to end her suffering.



Charles A. Jonah, second victim of the Newtonville horror.



His suicide attempt having failed, Robert Jonah is carried off to a hospital. He recovered.

SUNDAY ADVERTISER PICTORIAL REVIEW BOSTON, SUNDAY, JULY 8, 1944—Page 5



Dr. Townley French, who claimed he killed wife to end a life of privation.

ROBERT tried to take his own life, then, first turning on gas, cutting his wrist and then going out of doors, pajama clad, to lie in the snow. Fazed by shock and excitement, he subsequently wandered about the neighborhood, apparently surprised to find himself still alive, and stumbled into a grocery, where the startled proprietor turned in a call for police.

It was then that Robert told his story and police found the bodies.

Suspecting Robert was mentally deranged, at least at the time of the double murder, authorities sent him to the Westboro State Hospital, but he was found "not insane" and returned to Middlesex superior court to face two indictments.

Each charged first degree murder.

There was another delay when

new sanity tests were ordered, but on Feb. 16, 1933, with the alienists agreeing he was well able to distinguish right from wrong, Jonah was taken to court.

The trial, however, never took place.

By agreement, he was permitted to enter a plea of guilty to the lesser charge of second degree murder, and he was sentenced to life imprisonment by Judge Walter L. Collins.

IN THE strange case of Dr. Townley Thorndike French, no one has ever been able to successfully refute his motive—that he shot and killed his wife, Mrs. Grace French, because of their poverty-stricken circumstances. Relatives hastened to assert there was no need of their straightened condition, but the fact remains it was so.

They were living in a single room in Melrose st., South End

Will There Ever Be Another Circus Under the Big Top?

By ARNOLD CASWELL

WILL the circus ever come to town again under the "big top"?

Will the kids of America who have thrilled for over a century to the untold tales of the "big show" land in the town lot in the haze of early morning and spring as they make into a gigantic city of canvas, ever have the opportunity to witness such scenes again?

Or will last week's hours of horror in Hartford, when fire swept the enormous "big top" of the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey show, bring a fiery death to more than 150 persons, including four-score children, and grief to hundreds of families, doom one of America's institutions to the limbo of things that used to be?

Officials of the circus, at the present moment cannot give the answer to those questions. They are concerned for the time being with taking an inventory of what is left of the physical properties of the big enterprise and whether, under wartime restrictions they would be able to obtain priorities on the necessary materials to replace those destroyed in the holocaust.

THEY are also much more concerned as to the reactions of the public and to possible restrictions which are bound to be placed on enterprises of this nature by horrified communities throughout the length and breadth of the nation.

The Cocomat Grove tragedy in this city on Nov. 28, 1942, which brought death to nearly 500 persons, caused a wave of precautions against similar catastrophes all over the country. Many thought at the time, it would spell the doom of night clubs. All sorts of laws and regulations were passed; but still the night clubs go on and with the prosperity that came

after the war, are doing better business than ever before. The net result of the tragedy and its legal aftermaths benefited the night club business to this extent, that they are now far safer, if the laws are respected, than they ever have been and those who patronize them have the feeling that they are better protected now than ever before.

Probabilities are that the circus will now go through the same process. Even though the Ringling Brothers tragedy has shocked the nation as few other

catastrophes have done in many many years, and although people everywhere are still excitedly discussing the harrowing details of the disaster, the chances are that the circus, still under the "big top" will be preserved, but it will probably be a very much scrutinized "big top" that will house the thousands of spectators that gather under it.

The details of last Thursday's tragedy still linger on. With the big show barely under way and with the famed Wallenda troupe of performers astride their tight-wire far aloft, the flames appeared and the dread cry of "fire" rang through the canvas-walled arena.

Indescribable scenes ensued and lives were snuffed out in the brief time the fire raged and still more indescribable scenes were enacted for days afterward, as parents and relatives crowded the hastily improvised morgues in Hartford looking for their missing loved ones.

RINGLING BROTHERS officials, who revealed that the company manufactures canvas for the Army, which under contract stipulations, are thoroughly fire-proofed, admitted that because they cannot obtain priorities, they were unable to fire-proof their own canvas. To make the "big top" waterproof, a mixture of paraffine and gasoline—what could be more inflammable—was applied to the thousands of square yards of canvas that made up the huge circus tent.

This fiery mixture, heated almost to the flash point by the glaring rays of a hot July sun,



The "Big Top"—Will there ever be a circus again? Boston's Cocomat Grove disaster, however, did not mean the end of night club existence. Left: A clown, symbolic of the circus for many years in America.



The moment of horror at Hartford, which may mean an end to the circus in America.

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created a fuel that caused the flames to spread with lightning speed, and was responsible more than anything else for the huge loss of life in the disaster.

Immediate reaction to the use of such-treated canvas came with the burning in another Connecticut community, of a carnival being staged under canvas, and in other communities all over the country where tent shows were being played, examination of the canvas being used.

Meanwhile, what is left of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey show, has been gathered together and started on its way to the show's big winter quarters in Sarasota, Fla.

THE Ringling Brothers circus was the last in this country of a long line of spectacular productions. It was the last great amalgamation of all such enterprises here in America. The Sells-Floto show was a part of it. So was the Al G. Robinson show, and Barnum and Bailey, once the great rival of the biggest of all, the Ringling Brothers show, gave its name to the amalgamation. For years the Ringling family, originally six brothers, has been in the forefront.

The amalgamations came because in the old wagon days, each small circus was a unit unto itself. But then came rail-

road transportation, parlor cars, flats, all of the paraphernalia of big business, and one by one circuses began to join up together to solve transportation and financial problems. At last there were but three left—Sells-Floto, Ringling and Barnum and Bailey. They united within the last generation.

Once fabulously wealthy, the Ringlings—they own even today practically the whole of Sarasota, Fla., banks, theaters, museums—came upon troubled days during the depression years and, for a time, lost control of their property which temporarily was operated by a syndicate headed by Sam Gumpertz, one of the principal owners of New York's famed Coney Island.

Business failed to improve under his direction so, a few years ago, the syndicate was glad to turn the property back to the Ringling family.

THEN came what many believe was the circus's most spectacular period. Young John Ringling North, son and nephew of the family survivors, took it over and introduced modern ideas of showmanship. He hired famed designer Norman Bel-Geddes to streamline the show, and, for a time, even the sawdust was colored red, white and blue so radical were the Bel-Geddes departures.

Then he hired John Murray Anderson, famed Broadway producer, sponsor for many years of the Greenwich Village Follies, to stage the show's spectacles.

Young North also brought about that famed union between Gargantua, the gorilla and Mimi, from Cuba, a household pet until she playfully started one day to push down her mistress's house. He couldn't keep his own domes-

tic affairs in order, however, and, last year, he was sued in Florida for a divorce by his French movie-star wife, the former Germaine Aussey. There were some rumors involving a romance with a circus girl, but nothing came of them.

North took a "leave of absence" last winter, after a series of family confabs, and was succeeded by Robert Ringling, who assumed active direction of the show, sharing production honors with his mother, Mrs. Charles Ringling, and Aubrey Haley, a cousin, who is the wife of James Haley, vice-president and general manager of the circus. Haley is one of those arrested after the holocaust.

BOB RINGLING threw out most of the Norman Bel-Geddes stream-lining and again made the circus the old-fashioned pageant of which most of us will always dream. He did, however, keep in the Ballet of the Elephants, Miss Jefferson's masterpiece, and turned the pageant into something called "A Clown's Dream."

In that part of the show, Emmet Kelly, most famous of all and clowns, ostentatiously went to sleep in the center of the arena, and then, to the faint fanfare of trumpets, dreamed—in theory, at least—of all the glories of the circus as they unfolded themselves.

High spots of the pageant was the final gorgeous float, with Emmet Kelly, himself—a double, of course—riding in splendor, surrounded by beautiful girls.

One of the great tragic photographs which came out of the fire was that same Emmet Kelly futilely carrying a little water bucket, trying to stem the blaze which was snuffing out the lives of the children he loved so well.

Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

A ROMANTIC BIT OF NEWS, WITH A DEFINITE Boston interest, comes from Mr. and Mrs. Walter Goldstein, of New Orleans, who are announcing the engagement of their daughter, Denise Cleveland Sessums, to Lt. Carl Dreyfus, Jr., U. S. Army Transportation Corps... son of Carl Dreyfus and the late Mrs. Dreyfus, of Dartmouth st., and "Thorn Hedge," Marblehead.

The bride-elect graduated from Metairie Park Country Day School, and studied at Newcomb College down in New Orleans, where she was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. Her mother is the former Charlotte Sessums, daughter of the late Rt. Rev. Davis Sessums, Episcopal bishop of Louisiana. Her father, Mr. Goldstein, is a member of the faculty at Tulane University.

Lt. Dreyfus... a member of Boston's Harvard Club... was graduated from the Rivers School in Brookline, and from Harvard College with the class of '39. He is a brother of Capt. Edward G. Dreyfus, U. S. Army Transportation Corps, and of Mrs. Charles Hana (Emilie Dreyfus) of New York, and a grandson of Mrs. Edward S. Goulston of Boston. He is now stationed at the Boston Port of Embarkation.

★ ★ ★
Via a simple wartime ceremony attended only by a few friends and members of the immediate families, Mrs. Mary Claire Wilson of Newton, was married Tuesday, July 4, to Dr. Samuel E. Totten of Boston. The bride was given in marriage by William Beserosky, at whose New Bedford home the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Charles Thurber.

The matron-of-honor was Mrs. Harmon D. Smith of Reading, and the bride's sister, Mrs. Clinton Norton, of Needham, was the other attendant.

Dr. Totten's brother-in-law, William A. Ziegler, of Dedham, was best man.

The charming bride wore blue mousseline de soie and carried orchids.

Following the ceremony immediate members and close friends of the families, including Mrs. Agnes Hlobart, of Los Angeles, sister of the bridegroom, Mr. and Mrs. William Ziegler, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Norton, Dr. Harry B. Bernstein, Henry Gershel of Miami, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stern of Fall River, Mr. and Mrs. William Beserosky and Mr. and Mrs. Harmon D. Smith, gathered at Coanmeset Inn where the reception was held.

★ ★ ★
JOSEPHINE FLAINE (JOEY) SCANLON steps into the bride-elect set today. Her engagement to Lt. Melvin E. Carlson, U. S. Army, is formerly announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Scanlon of West Roxbury.

"Joey" was graduated from Regis College last month. Her fiancé... son of Lt. Comdr. Eric A. Carlson, and Mrs. Eric Carlson of Gloucester... attended Northeastern University before going to work for Uncle Sam in July, 1941, and he is now on leave after serving over two years in the South Pacific.

Lt. Carlson was awarded the Legion of Merit for outstanding service on Guadalcanal, and was recently decorated with the Purple Heart.

★ ★ ★
BOSTON'S 16TH season of Esplanade Concerts, conducted by Arthur Fiedler, opens in the Hatch Memorial Shell, Thursday evening, July 20, with programs every evening, except Monday.

There's also to be a morning series for children, the first concert slated for 10 o'clock, Wednesday, July 26, other dates August 2, 9 and 16.

Among the first 100 donors for this season's Esplanade Concert fund are: Miss Margery Adams, Miss Martha Alford, Mrs. Herbert M. Allen, Philip R. Allen, Roger Amory, Paul V. Bacon, Miss Cornelia Bowditch, Mrs. Robert F. Bellows, Mrs. Arthur T. Bradlee, Robert Brewer, Lawrence G. Brooks,



JOSEPHINE SCANLON'S engagement to Lt. Melvin E. Carlson, U. S. Army, is announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Scanlon of West Roxbury.

—Alfred Brown Photo

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert L. Carter, Hugh Codman, Mrs. James B. Conant, John J. Cornish, Mrs. Samuel Eliot, Mrs. Eben S. Ellison, Mrs. Alexander Forbes, Mrs. Louis A. Frothingham, John L. Grandin, Mrs. James R. Hooper, Mrs. Alexander Holmes, Sr., Mrs. Lawrence M. Keeler, Miss Mary F. Kelly, Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang, Mrs. Ernest Lovering, Mrs. Homer F. Livermore, Miss Lucy Lowell, Miss Katherine Sigourney, Alan Steinert, Mrs. Philip Little and Mrs. Everett Morse.

Lucas-Lehane Wedding

A RECEPTION at Longwood Towers, Brookline, followed the recent marriage in Sacred Heart Church, Newton Center, of Margaret Mary Lehane and Pharm. Dr. John Robert Lucas, USNR, with Rev. James T. Cotter, officiating at both the ceremony and nuptial mass.

The bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Lehane of Center st., was gowned in ivory satin and the tulle veil fell in soft folds from a tiara of orange blossoms. Betty Quigley, of Newton Center, was honor maid, and Bernard Phillips, best man.

The bridegroom, son of Ralph Lucas of Brighton, was graduated from Sacred Heart High in Wrentham, and attended St. John's Prep, before entering the service.

Ruth Marie Kelly Bride-Elect

MR. AND MRS. JAMES B. KELLY, of Everett, announce the engagement of their daughter, Ruth Marie, to Joseph H. Cowham, U. S. N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Cowham of Leitchfield, N. York.

★ ★ ★
THE ROBERT HOOPER STEVENSONS of Beacon st. are at their Bar Harbor summer spot for the remainder of the season.

Ens. Bundegard Engaged

MRS. HANS N. BUNDEGARD, of Arlington, announces the engagement of her daughter, Ens. Edna V. Bundegard, USNR, (W), to Lt. (j.g.) H. Brewster Powers, USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Powers of Kansas City, Kan.

Ens. Bundegard, who is planning a summer wedding, is stationed at the Bureau of Naval Personnel, Washington, D. C. Lt. Powers was graduated from the University of Kansas Engineering School in 1940.

NAN SAWYER

Shops Jordan's

It's "Sun-day" every day -



Bare your back in this charming sun-back dress. Wear a brief matching bolero between exposures! You'll love the way this woven cotton sun-back dress is cut. Made by one of the finest makers of sports dresses it's cut to fit without a "bra." A clever bra bow makes it fit every type perfectly! Has side interest in "pearl buttons"—nice low back, low front, full skirt and slim waist. In red and white—blue and white—brown and white stripes. Sizes 12 to 18—\$8.95. Matching Bolero, \$3.

JORDAN'S SPORT DRESSES, SECOND FLOOR, MAIN STORE

Sun-back dress - \$8.95

Bolero - \$3.

JORDAN MARSH Co., BOSTON
PHONE HUB. 2700 or ELIOT 3000
PLEASE SEND ME SUN-BACK DRESS \$8.95
BOLERO \$3.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
COLOR ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐
SIZE ☐ CHARGE ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐

Jordan Marsh Company

Gala Church Fair Will Attract North Shorers

By ALICE WILLIAMS

SOCIETY'S SMARTEST PEOPLE NOW FOCUS ATTENTION upon the various activities taking place at the many fashionable retreats, where the exclusive set gathers for its mid-summer relaxation.

Following the ever so gay Fourth of July week-end of informal entertaining . . . smart folk summering along the North Shore turn with a great deal of enthusiasm to the coming fair for the benefit of Christ Church down in Hamilton . . . where so many of our super-socialites worship during the tourist season . . . slated for Wednesday next.

The annual fête . . . held on the attractive grounds surrounding the quaint little stone church . . . is of the utmost interest to the young fry as well

James D. MacDonald and Mrs. Alexander MacDonald, assisted by a large selling staff. The "Pink" Elephant table will have Mrs. Standish Bradford and Mrs. John B. Moulton as co-chairman. And for those who care to take a peek into the future, there'll be a fortuneteller on deck . . . this feature is under the direction of Mrs. George C. Vaughan and Mrs. Henry O. Phippen.

A novel idea . . . arranged by Mrs. Norton Woodson and Mrs. James Totten . . . is the "Playground," where small children may be left, while fond mothers do a bit of looking about at the various booths. The "nurses" corps will include Dorothy Bradford, Marjorie and Dorothy Burton, Barbara Butler, Nancy Chittick, Barbara Hiley and Helen Jean Landers.

SNAPSOTS: Mrs. Frank Lane . . . looking extremely attractive in summery navy blue crepe, con-dotted in white . . . tiny white flowers about the brim of her navy straw. Mrs. Lane is active in affairs of the West Roxbury Catholic Woman's Club . . . Mrs. Ralph Bradley . . . sitting with friends on Arlington st. . . natural straw hat with her brown linen suit . . . Jean Ferguson . . . one of our popular post-debs . . . luncheon at Schmitt's on Beylston . . . Corolynn Kelly . . . up from the South Shore for dinner and dancing in the Copple-Plaza's Oval Room with a gallant young Navy man . . . rose-trimmed chapeau with her smooth black sheer . . . Mrs. Charles Jackson and her small daughter, Ellen, shopping in Jays . . . both in full-skirted jumper frocks of aqua chambray . . . Anne Clark . . . brown as the proverbial berry . . . window-gazing along Marlboro st. . . Mr. and Mrs. Andrew N. Winslow, waiting for the lights to change at Charles and Beacon . . . Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson Kenyon of Commonwealth ave. entertaining guests atop the Ritz Roof.

MR. AND MRS. THOMAS EDWARD MORGAN of Wayland have joined the smart summer colony at Centerville, on the Cape. They will be visited a bit later in the season by their daughter, Mrs. Walter Robey of New York, and her children, Nancy and Tommy.

WEEK-ENDING AT North Conway, N. H., are Helen and Louise Reynolds, and their cousins, Jean and Betty Nichols, all of Newton



MRS. RICHARD C. STOREY, JR., in charge of the flower stall at Wednesday's Christ Church Sale in Hamilton.

as grownups . . . and draws a particularly brilliant attendance.

Mrs. Donald Trussell, chairman for the gala benefit (a Mexican Fiesta, by the way) will be assisted by Mrs. Standish Bradford . . . the former Dorothy Winthrop . . . of Black Brook Farm Hamilton.

There'll be the usual midway . . . with its colorful flower stalls, presided over by a group of attractive young matrons, headed by Mrs. Richard Curtis Storey (Mabel Bayard Thayer) . . . a vehicle parade for the children . . . grab bags of course (no fair to complete without them) revolve vegetable bandwork and book tables . . . and all that sort of thing.

OUTSTANDING ON Wednesday's church fair program will be a rummage sale . . . and by now, everybody knows what marvelous bargains may be picked up at the Christ Church sale. This will be staged by Mrs.



City-Wise Gingham 10.90

A SPARKING WHITE GINGHAM hits the spot front of this city suit of checked gingham, and makes it a grand accessory foil for more white. Red, blue, brown or black with white checks . . . 10.90

Sizes 10 to 20 SKYLIGHT SHOP—FIFTH FLOOR

Jillys Trappe Place Boston



AN AUTUMN wedding is being planned by Barbara Swain, whose engagement to Lt. Peter Davis of the British Royal Navy, was recently announced. Barbara . . . a most attractive young smart setter . . . is the daughter of the Howland Swains of "Fairview Manor," Ipswich.

MR. AND MRS. WINFIELD S. JAMES of Abilene, Tex., have announced the engage-

ment of their daughter, Lucy Ann, to George Burnham May, U. S. Army, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Sargeant May of Newton Highlands.

The bride-elect was graduated in June from the College of William and Mary, where she was a member of Delta Delta Delta.

Engaged

Judge and Mrs. Abraham E. Pinanski of Brookline announce the engagement of their daughter, Jean, to Lt. Ernest F. Dietz, USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Dietz of Newton Center.

Jean is a Wellesley College graduate, class of '42, and her fiancé was graduated from the University of Michigan in '34. He is a member of Pi Lambda Phi and the University Club.

A September wedding for Jean and her dashing young lieutenant.

Holidaying In Maine

VACATIONING UP in Poland Spring, Me., are Mr. and Mrs. Wallace I. Goddard of Lynn who are guesting at the Poland Spring House, where Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. May of Providence, R. I., Constance Conya and Estelle Stevens of Worcester are also vacationing.

Other Bay Staters spending the season at the popular Poland Spring House are Mr. and Mrs. Daniel A. McCurdy of Brookline, Mr. and Mrs. Harold J. Burke of Belmont, Eileen Barrett of Cambridge and Kathryn Mead of Belmont.

Among those spending the long holiday week-end at the fashionable Maine resort were Mr. and Mrs. James Trant of Cambridge, and the Samuel A. Craigs of Arlington, who were at the Mansion House.

MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS HOLDEN of Concord, and their small daughters, Ellen and Ruth, are spending the next two weeks up in Alfred, Me.

MRS. LAWRENCE ENDRICH of Boston is spending at the Conasset summer spot of the Mount Mansfield.

SALE! SALE! MARY BURNS SHOP
Yea—it's time for the ANNUAL SALE at the Mary Burns Shop! It's to be a clearance of a complete and exquisite stock of slightly used evening gowns, wedding dresses, wraps, Bridesmaids and dinner dresses. They're all lovely, different gowns—prices, \$1.95, \$3.95 and up. See you at the Mary Burns Shop, 100 Summer St., Boston. Tel. Lib. 3572 or Dev. 8033. Adv.

Come On! Let's Get Started on Yvonne's 12 Streamlining Treatments for \$15

That is every woman's wish—and wishes come true at MADAM YVONNE'S famous streamlining salon—where inches come off from "here and there" (wherever needed). MADAM YVONNE'S famous treatments include the "Magic Rollers," that not only take pounds off without effort on your part, but pep you up to a new exhilarating glow of radiant health. Here MADAM YVONNE give you a figure analysis (free) now. YVONNE, 127 Tremont St., Opp. Park St. Call HUB. 0846. Open 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.



Send for Booklet

Situated at Bedford (Near Manchester), New Hampshire

For complete information, and how we can serve you individually, write or call Yvonne's Beauty Centre, 127 Tremont St., HUBBARD 0846.

HORSES
TENNIS
SWIMMING

SOLARIUM
SPORTS
GAMES

Shore and Country

By THE RESORTER

WITH THE SUMMER SEASON OFFICIALLY opened, daily more vacationers from the Bay State are flocking to the many resorts along Maine's rugged and attractive coast.

Spending the season at Old Orchard are Albert Zallen and family of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. William McLean and daughter of Attleboro.

Foxhaven is the choice of Mr. and Mrs. John Center of Belmont, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Irving also of Belmont.

Mrs. John Woodside and Fay Finlayson of Arlington are at Fortunes Rocks.

Soljourning at Searsport is Hannah Sargent of Melrose Highlands. From Newton Center, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kellogg are at Popham Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Staples of Lynn . . . and Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Gross, accompanied by their two children, of Dedham, are spending the season at Fortunes Rocks.

The Myers cottage, The Crows Nest, at Beach Bluffs, has been taken by Mrs. John Myers and her sister, Mrs. Reed of Westwood.

TUESDAY IS A GALA day in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Jones of Winchester, for they will observe their golden wedding anniversary with relatives and friends dropping in at their cottage at Concordville, York Beach.

The Daniel Hollands of Brighten . . . and the Jack McDonnells of Malden are down for the season at York Beach; at Hillcroft, in York Harbor, is Frederick Russell Nourse of Dedham.

Mrs. Bernice Bogue, with her son, Stephen, of Medford, is enjoying the summer's beginning at Cape Neddick. Returning for her 25th season at Kennebunk Beach is Mrs. Arthur Kelly of Worcester. Another long-term visitor is Mrs. William Brown of Boston, who is spending her 15th season at Seaview, Kennebunk Beach.

From Dedham, Mrs. Addie Clough, with her daughters, Lucy and Madeline, members of the faculty at Dedham High, are sojourning at Kennebunkport.

Also at the Port are Mr. and Mrs. John Sherman of Somerville . . . Mary G. Pulsifer of Brookline is at the cottage, Spruces, at Bluff Beach.

AT SOO NIPI LODGE, Lake Sunapee, the Star Island conference of the General Alliance of Unitarian Women is in progress and will continue through Thursday, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Waldo Hodgdon of Westwood.

Assisting on the general committee are Mrs. J. Roland Ackroyd of Needham, Mrs. Kenneth McDougall of Wellesley, Mrs. William B. Rice of Dover and Faustina Wade of Woburn. Scheduled to deliver a series of addresses is Rev. Raymond B. Johnson of the Old Ship Church, Hingham.

LT. LARRY CAMERON BARR, Jr., with Mrs. Barr, is spending part of his leave at Little Sunapee . . . Guests at the Brocklebank include Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Ward and Mr. and Mrs. Wil-



MARIE PADULA, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Padula of 36 Early ave., Medford, whose betrothal to Pvt. Leigh J. Knapp, USAAC, of Albion, Mich., has been announced.

ham Donovan of Belmont. Also here are Mrs. Charles Mearadian, of Somerville; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Medeiros, of Cambridge; Mrs. Eva Fraser, of Lynn; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Pinel, of Quincy; Anita Maxwell and Eleanor Kane, of North Quincy. Rev. Harold Bent Sedgwick, rector of All Saints' Church, Brookline, is spending the summer at the rectory of St. James' Church, Burkehaven, where he will conduct services. Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Caldwell, and their son John, of Wayland, are at Sunapee Harbor . . . Jessie Hill of Medford is at her cottage on Lake ave., the Harbor.

Sale of Ration Free Shoes at Clyde's

\$1.99

Formerly \$3.98



Need shoes . . . got no coupons . . . and want to save money? Hurry right down to Clyde's Summer Clearance Sale . . . hundreds of pairs of synthetic sole sandals and pumps formerly \$3.98 . . . now only \$1.99 . . . white, red, pastel blue . . . other styles in navy, yellow, pink, purple. Clyde's Shoe Store is at 465 Washington Street. Mail orders filled.

Ann Barr Selects

The Top of the Season

Striped Cotton by Jean Day

\$3.98



HOVEY'S

33 Summer St., Boston (7), Mass.
Send me Striped Cotton at \$3.98.

Size Color

Please State Second Choice of Color

Name Zone

Address

Phone Orders Dial Han. 9600 or Eli. 3100



Be trim and neat in a smart washable cotton. A favorite with misses and women. Cool colored stripes of garden green, sky blue or bright red with white. Sizes 14 to 44.

CASUAL DRESS SHOP
THIRD FLOOR

Escape Gray Hair

Simply wet it with Canute Water. A few applications will completely re-color it similar to its former natural shade. In one day it goes wash. Your hair will retain its naturally soft texture and lustrous new color even after shampooing, curling or waving.

Canute Water

• Pure, colorless and crystal-clear.
• Proved harmless at one of America's Greatest Universities. • **HEALTHY SCARS** Skin test NOT needed. • 50 years without injury to a single user.
No other product can make all these claims. Ask for Appl. Size—\$1.15 at drug stores.



Leading dealers in most of America's largest cities will stock Canute Water. When all other hair colorings combined.

Duxbury Dance to Highlight Weekend

RESORTERS on the South Shore are making plans to attend the annual dance to be held on Saturday evening at the Duxbury Yacht Club.

Mrs. Louis Hunter and Mrs. Nathaniel Curtis are serving as co-chairmen. Among those who will be present are Mrs. Edward Townsend and Mrs. William Glendon.

Mrs. Frederick MacDonald and Mrs. Debra King served as hostesses for the first junior dance last evening at the club.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Day of Brookline are at their North Shore home. Mr. and Mrs. John Slattery of Belmont and the Lunt family, Anne and Margaret Crooks also at the No. 50 Schmitt road.

Dances on the summer at their homes in Scituate are the Times

special clearance

SALE



Just in time for your vacation... wear 'em on the beach, with your sunglasses, dancing... they're stylish, exciting, different

Back view... Side view... Front view... Back view... Side view... Front view... Back view... Side view... Front view...

166 TREMONT ST.
1320 Beacon St., Brookline

NOW! LESS THAN 1/2 PRICE

Our Popular COLD WAVE PERMANENT

REG. PRICE \$10.00 and up. **Now \$4.95**

Complete With Special Cold Wave Shampoo and Setting!

It's the same wave and cold wave materials for which you have always before paid \$10.00 and more! Our tremendous buying capacity enables us to buy these valuable materials at a very special price.

We are happy to pass the unusual saving along to you. Even "unmanageable hair" yields to this miracle performing cold wave solution in the hands of our dexterous, skilled beauticians.

No uncomfortable machines... no heat... no heavy clamps... no harmful chemicals... perfect result.

Nan Pailey Salons

BACK THE INVASION! BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

455 WASHINGTON ST., 5th FLOOR, DEXTER BLDG., Phone DEV. 7071
Other Nan Pailey Salons in: Cambridge, Lynn, Worcester, Braintree, Framingham, and Boston

Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

During the month of July, recruiters for the WACs will be stationed in 10 Cape Cod towns, to interest the summer colonists. In joining the Women's Army Corps, according to word received from Capt. Anna B. Cowan, WAC recruiting officer for the First Service Command, Two WACs will be assigned to each town except in Plymouth and Provincetown where the team will consist of three members.

Undergoing training with the Marines at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, are Dorothy D'Abbraccio of Cambridge; Shirley Devlin, Saugus; Blanche Don, Brockton; Dorothy Donaldson, Braintree; and Mary E. Cragg, Belmont.

Ensign Margaret Stowell Emson, USNR (W), daughter of Mrs. Myron E. Emerson of Haverhill, who is engaged to wed Capt. George Rogers Simp-



PROMOTED to 1st Lt. is Janet E. Mason, ANC, of Meriden st., East Boston, who is serving with the 52nd General Hospital Unit in England. She received her training at the Cooley Dickinson Hospital in No. Hampton and New England Women's, Children and McLean Hospitals, Boston. For the past 18 months she has been in England.

son, NSAAF, of Cleveland, O. The bride-elect is in the communications department in Washington, D.C. She attended Mt. Holyoke College.

Promoted to S-Sgt. is Anna Benzal of the WACs, stationed at Camp Stewart, Ga. She is the daughter of Mr. Mrs. Alex Benzal of 119 Beacon st., Boston.



LORETTA QUINLAN

Catholic Guild Vacation Outing

MRS. CORNELIUS J. SHEEHAN of Brockton served as general chairman of the annual Vacation House Outing of the Massachusetts Catholic Women's Guild, held yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Beaconsfield, Brookline.

Assisting on the program were Loretta W. Quinlan of Whitman, state regent; and Margaret L. Sullivan of Roslindale, assistant chairman.

Among the guests of honor attending the social were Rt. Rev. William J. Casey, state chaplain; Rt. Rev. Robert P. Barry, Somerville; Rev. James J. Doyle, director at Catholic Charitable Bureau; and Rev. Thomas Kennedy, assistant.

Bostonians Relax At Lake Sunapee

BOSTONIANS SOJOURNING at the little Sunapee area include Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Fortune, William D. Fortune and Patricia G. Fortune of Newton Center; Mrs. H. C. Reith of Winthrop; and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pokorsky of Wellesley, all at Twin Lake Villa.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Beardsley, Mrs. Kenneth B. Park and Judith Park of Wellesley Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Hanford, C. V. Christianson, Gladys E. Voge of Boston, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Di Cicerio and Mrs. S. Freeman Flint of Nahant.

Mr. and Mrs. James McAdams of Arlington have opened their New London home... Mrs. James Macdonald French and her daughter, Elizabeth, of Arlington, are at their summer home in New London.

Fredda Rosenthal Engaged to Wed

MRS. IDA ROSENTHAL of Everett announces the engagement of her daughter, Fredda, to Louis Elliott Burke of Commonwealth ave., Boston.

A protegee of Fabian Sevitky, the bride-to-be is known professionally as Shaler Lane. Her fiancé is a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard School of Business Administration.

Pattern 4792 comes in little girls' sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, sun-dress and bonnet, takes 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric. Send 25 cents in coins for these patterns to the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Pattern Dept., 243 West 17th st., New York 11, N. Y. Write plainly name, address, style number.

They're \$3.50 Leeds 35 winter St

Ballet-type shorts in rayon gabardine brown, navy Sizes 12 to 16

They're \$3.50 Leeds 35 winter St

They're \$3.50 Leeds 35 winter St

They're \$3.50 Leeds 35 winter St

Beauty

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

MAKING plans for those "two weeks with pay"? And, for that grand and glorious suntan which every gal yearns for in short order, but so low really get... I mean, the even all-over bronze smoothness with none of the disconcerting appearance.

Take this tip and tan but not burn. The two-week velvety cream lotion with a lotion that leaves your skin feeling neither sticky nor oily because you've been using hydronized oils that are wax-free, sensitive baby-fine oils that have been especially processed to be compatible to your skin.

It is a known fact that the best sun-tanning hours during the day start at 11 a. m. and last until 3 in the afternoon. Slow-tanning is the sound way, of course. The danger of laying too long under the sun is a yearly wee period for thousands of sun-worshippers. Take short exposures.

So, follow this wise-sounding sun-check ritual after you've smoothed this velvety-to-the-touch lotion, a perfect protective cream, tan-producing and comfort-inducing through the hot summer days ahead.

The following schedule includes both-side sunbasking and if followed sincerely and regularly will do the tanning trick.

First week	Second week for a Tan-No-Burn
1st Noon 1st day 5 mins.	1st Noon 8th day 1 hour
1:00 2nd day 10 mins.	1:00 9th day 1 hour + 15 mins.
2:00 3rd day 15 mins.	2:00 10th day 1 hour + 15 mins.
2:45 4th day 20 mins.	2:45 11th day 1 hour + 15 mins.
3:30 5th day 25 mins.	3:30 12th day 1 hour + 15 mins.
4:15 6th day 30 mins.	4:15 13th day 1 hour + 15 mins.
5:00 7th day 35 mins.	5:00 14th day 1 hour + 15 mins.
5:45 8th day 40 mins.	5:45 15th day 1 hour + 15 mins.
6:30 9th day 45 mins.	6:30 16th day 1 hour + 15 mins.
7:15 10th day 1 hour	7:15 17th day 1 hour + 15 mins.

For the name of this hydronized oil lotion for a no-burn suntan, phone the Beauty Dept., Liberty 4000, or write me, care of the Sunday Advertiser, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Pattern

4792



Pattern 4792 comes in little girls' sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, sun-dress and bonnet, takes 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric. Send 25 cents in coins for these patterns to the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Pattern Dept., 243 West 17th st., New York 11, N. Y. Write plainly name, address, style number.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Leading Hair Specialists recommend Nippon Hair Remover. Nippon Hair Remover is a new hair remover that is safe, effective, and easy to use. It is available in New York, N. Y. Write plainly name, address, style number.

ROSE RAPPOPORT
243 West 17th St., New York 11, N. Y.
Semi-annual Period, No. 1206, LIT. 8290

THE masterful way in which the New York Police Department tackles a big murder case has been detailed a number of times in these pages, and the general effect upon the reader may have been that our lads down Centre st. way always get their man. That, of course, is not true and they would be the first to admit it. There are exceptions.

One of the most astounding of these exceptions—according to the police as well as everyone else—got under way on the evening of June 11, 1930, when a delicatessen store keeper named Joseph Mozyński took his car for a delivery while his wife, Stella, waited on customers in their store on 122d st., College Point, Queens. His brother, Andrew, suspected that Joseph had a bit of a date—and Andrew was right.

But it was a date from which the amorous grocer failed to return.

The next noon, laborers retired a parked car at the dead end of a dirt road facing a small ways between Cross Island and West 14th blvds., Queens. Investigators found Mozyński's body, shot in the back of the head. A steel-jacketed bullet lay on the car floor, and on the front seat was a woman's velvet cloak, smeared with blood.

LATE THAT night, Police Inspector John J. Callagher took a pretty, dark-haired girl to the Bayside Queens, police station for questioning. Mozyński's widow, mother of a daughter, Irene, 11, and a son, Joseph, 9, identified the girl to reporters as a Miss May, daughter of a former landlord.

Five days now passed, during which nothing in connection with the case came to public attention. Then, on the following Wednesday, June 18, Police Commissioner Mulrooney abruptly ordered 1600 extra policemen into Queens. Something really big had broken.

These extra cops, he said, were to hunt for a maniac who had murdered two men in cold blood and had threatened to kill 14 more persons, including a woman. Further, this madman had written police and a newspaper all about it, in his own hand. And he had scheduled his third murder for 1 o'clock that night at College Point.

Thus did the department lift the curtain on one of the most fantastic cases the city has ever seen.

ON THE day before Mulrooney's announcement, a passerby had noticed an inconspicuously new car alongside an abandoned rickshaw near Creedmoor Avenue near Floral Park, Queens. Inside, he saw a man at the wheel. The man was hatless, blood-smeared, and dead.

One of the first things the police did was to search the corpse, and one of the first things they found was a newspaper clipping describing Mozyński's murder just a week before. On the margin of the clipping were the penciled words: "Here's how."

At about the time investigators were identifying the dead man as Noel Sowley, 26-year-old Brooklyn radio mechanic, the city editor of the New York Evening Journal in downtown Manhattan glanced at what appeared to be a crank letter, the second of the same writer that week. Dated the previous day, it read:

"Dear Sir: You have not published the code message sent you—too bad—for your information there is more work for the police now."

"Tonight at 10 p. m. Sowley was bumped off near Floral Park and not far from a police signal station—you will find him near an automobile junk pile."

"Within more men and women will be the same way," the letter continued in sharp, backhand script, "if they do not return two of the missing papers."

Justice and the Mystery of The Letter-Writing Killer

By RICHARD MASON and PETER LEVINS

The New York document was found on Sowley last night and also some of our money.

"I advise you to publish the code message or tomorrow night one more will go. You may let them know that 3X is the Man Behind the Gun. He asks for no quarter but will give none."

"On June 18 at 9 p. m. I will be at College Point to get W. R. V.—8"

THE FIRST letter to the Journal had arrived the day after Mozyński's body was found Mailed at Station A. Williamsburg, Brooklyn, only a few hours after the murder, and written on pink stationery, it read:

"City Editor: Kindly print this letter in your paper for Mozyński's friends."

"CCNY ADCMY 16 A—"

"D QR—PA 241 PM6 Queens."

"By doing this you may save their lives. And the women may know where the missing papers are and who has them since they were given to Mozyński."

"We do not want any more shooting—unless we have to."

On the day Sowley's body was found, another letter reached police, again in the sharp backhand script of 3X The Man Behind the Gun. It read:

"N. Y. C. 6-17."

"Inspector John J. Callagher."

"Lieutenant J. Smith."

"For your information one more of J. Mozyński's friends was sent to meet him—V-5—Sowley was shot near Floral Park and was not far from a police signal station—I enclose the two empty shells. Some of our money was found on his person and the N. Y. documents."

"The girl was, as in the case of Miss May, put aboard a bus and sent home, but no clues were left for you this time. Thirteen more men and one woman will go if they do not make peace with us and stop bleeding us to death."

"P. S.—These facts have been revealed to the New York Evening Journal."

The writer enclosed two empty shells.

THREE X also wrote Bayside police about Miss May, Mozyński's companion. She had been quietly held in jail in \$500 bail as a material witness. This note read:

"Gentlemen:

"The young lady involved in this case is a victim of unfortunate circumstances—her story is clear. I happened to know something of what happened Wednesday night."

"Mozyński was a rascal—and had important papers belonging to me—we feel sorry for his wife and children but it is for the best that they shall not know what he was. This paper will certify the writer."

After the Mozyński murder,

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Noel Sowley
Second Victim



Joseph Mozyński
First to Die

the police had doubted Miss May's strange story. They theorized that a boy friend of hers might have killed the grocer out of jealousy, and as it happened, a male friend of hers had just left town on a long trip. He had been brought back to New York, fuming, from a perfectly innocent vacation trip.

Now they believed the girl's story, for Sowley, too, had had a female companion on the night he was killed, and this girl, Betty Ring, told much the same story as Miss May.

THE KILLER in each case had ordered the girl to a rear seat, had slain the man, then had escorted the terrified young woman to a bus. In each instance, too, he had handed the girl a slip of paper. The one Miss May received bore the name Joseph Mozyński stamped with a rubber stamp in red ink on its margin. The other, similarly stamped, bore Sowley's name.

Both sheets carried a separate stamping, a circled 3X.

Three X himself repeatedly indicated that he had known the victims. Here, for instance, is a letter he wrote the Journal the day after the Mozyński murder:

"Re: Mozyński—Queens—"

"Gentlemen—"

"For your information, the

young lady, Miss C. May, is innocent and victim of unfortunate circumstances.

"I am the agent of a secret international order, and when I met Mozyński that night it was to get from him certain documents, but unfortunately they were not in his possession at the time. If his brother knew so much of his luck with women, maybe he would tell us what became of the following items:

"The girl was put on a bus and sent home. We always get them through their women friends."

"N. Y. X.—2673; N. J.—4-3-44; Philadelphia XV 346—"

These papers must be returned to us at once or fourteen more of Mozyński's friends will go to join him—"

"Mozyński met death by his own fault. When I faced him he tried to reach his 38 S. & W. special, so I had to drop him first (fast?)."

"We will give Mozyński's brothers and friends up to Monday 12 p. m. to bring these documents to us or have some get in touch with us and tell us where to find them if no answer is received by that time, we will start merry hell for all of them."

"(Signed) 3X the Man Behind the Gun."

Heavy ground fog swathed College Point the night 3X set for his third murder. Scores of officers had donned female garb,



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and these wanted in New York police with other detectives in cars parked along all the known levers' lines.

But nothing happened.

A NEW LETTER from 3X was dropped into a letter box at 10:15 a. m. on June 18, 1930. It was a half hour before the killers announced themselves for murder No. 3. The letter said that the 1st, had been asked off. Dated the day before, it read:

N. Y. C. 6-17-30

"Dear Sir: I beg to thank you for publishing the code message sent to you."

"W. R. V. of C. P. has returned the Philadelphia XV346 to me tonight after reading your paper—also 37,000 dollars of the blackmail money—thanks to God—if I may use his name."

"This means the following persons will be spared:

"W. R. V. 8 College Point

"S 12 College Point

"K 2 Brooklyn

"Z 3 (the woman in question, the tall blonde)

"M 6 N. Y. C.

"XX-V (NYC Police Dept. Detective, his initials are withheld).

"The following document still is missing—NJ-4-3-44 and 39,000 dollars—for this document the following people still are marked for death:

"X-X-V, X-21, Y-2, L-6, X-7, X-1, V-4."

"All initials withheld. Too much of a clue for the super detectives of Bayside."

Mozyński's number was R9, the writer went on, and Sowley's was X4.

(The story of 3X, the letter-writing murderer, will be concluded in next Sunday's Pictorial Review.)

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hates, so hungry in her desires—would "have made a good man, but she was all woman!"

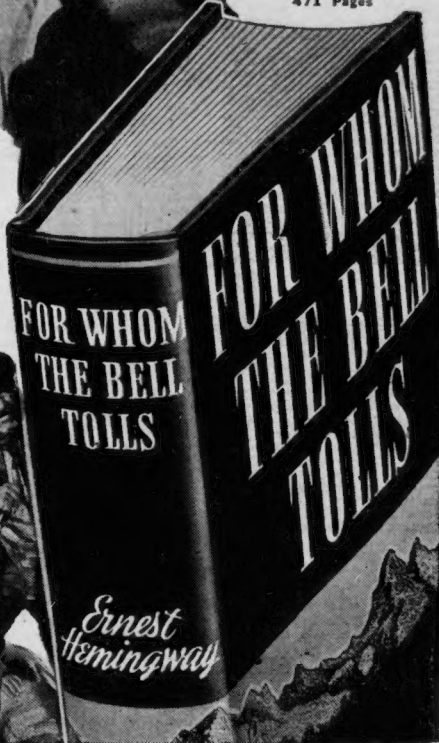
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